

## Billionaire' s Reborn Baby – Chapter 98 – Need To Be Supplemented –

Harold drove the car to a free parking space, then got off the car and walked to his residence. He asked for leave today. Yesterday, he went out to buy a car when Mr. Maury and his son went to the Scavo's. Today, he was worried that Beverly and her daughter would follow him, so he asked for leave last night.

Emily asked him to take care of Sydnee, so he invited a professional tea planter and took him to the tea plantation. The tea planter had a happy talk with Howard and decided to stay for a few more days.

Harold agreed to pay for the fee during the tea planter's stay, then he rushed out to find the next target, Christy.

Previously, the detective fees were too high, so he had stopped it.

He casually walked into a bun shop and packed up six big meat buns. He finished a bun with only one bite. A few white-collar clerks were stunned by his ferocious eating habits. A woman timidly handed over newly packed Starbucks Mocha to quench his thirst, only to find that the burly man drank two bottles of water in one gulp and tossed the empty bottles into a recyclable trash can with one hand.

Too terrifying!

Harold didn't know that eating buns like this would scare a group of female white-collar clerks. He lowered his head and looked at the time. It was eleven past thirty. He knew that Emily was resting now, so he called her.

‘The Tea Manor has invited a tea planter over. Sydnee said that the decoration of house will be finished in three months at the fastest. When it is finished, she will directly rent it out online...’

Emily said after he finished his words, ‘Hire a reliable bodyguard to protect Eliot. Marquise will definitely find an opportunity to take revenge on Eliot.’

‘Yes.’

‘Anything else?’ Emily asked.

Harold hesitated, ‘Miss Emily, there’s something else I don’t know if I should say...’

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After hanging up, Emily went downstairs.

A waft of fragrant smell came from the air. She had a strong appetite these past few days. She had probably overused her brain and consumed a lot of physical energy. So, the food for lunch was mainly protein that could replenish herself.

Mr. Rolando sat there early. Seeing her come down, he smiled and asked, ‘Are you hungry?’

Emily nodded, ‘I can smell the fragrance upstairs.’

‘Help yourself.’ Mr. Rolando picked up some dishes for her and smiled, ‘You need to eat more and build yourself up. Then have a healthy baby.’

Emily almost spat out the soup that she had just drunk.

Vincent walked past her and touched her head, 'Leave him alone.'

His palm was dry and powerful, reminding her of the palm that held her arm when he taught her to punch. Blood vessels bulged along his arm, and every muscle of his arm was full of strength.

He didn't look like a fighter when he dressed in a suit, but the moment he stood on the arena, his eyes were like cheetahs, and his entire body was filled with wild charm.

She calmed down and took a sip of soup.

Vincent sat beside her and took a sip of tea before starting to eat.

Mr. Rolando looked at him with dissatisfaction. He didn't stay in his own room last night and went to spy on his grandson. He was so old that he was just a little quicker than his peers. He secretly stood at his grandson's door and quietly opened the door. But he only saw the following scene.

There was only Emily lying on the bed!

As for his grandson, Vincent was still in the study room at night. Thus, he angrily left. In the morning, he began to stew mutton soup for his grandson. He thought that his grandson was sick and needed to be supplemented.

Vincent didn't buy it. He completely ignored his grandfather. He could quickly reply to messages on his phone while eating, which was the exemplary of 'doing two things at once'.

He hadn't been to the company for two days, so he had to deal with the piled-up affairs this afternoon. After he finished his meal, he could only have time to touch Emily's head. Then he drove to the company without saying anything.

After she finished the meal, Emily went upstairs. The three old men in the innermost room on the second floor were already waiting.

‘Good afternoon, Grandpas.’ Emily obediently shouted.

The three old men looked at her with gratified expressions, ‘Are you full? Let’s get to work now.’

‘I’m full.’ Emily took out a plate from her back with three portions of mango pudding neatly placed.

The three white-haired old men covered their faces, but their muddy eyes shone brightly, ‘Wow!’

These three old men couldn’t eat sweetness, meat and greasy food because of their high blood pressure, high blood sugar and high blood fat. Yesterday, when Emily ate the dessert served by Rex, she accidentally caught a glimpse of the three old men’s wistful eyes. Then she hesitated to hand out a bowl of warm fruit yogurt, which was finished by the three old men ruthlessly.

She simply brought over all the desserts cooked for her this afternoon. The three old men didn’t dare to eat too much and ate the pudding with small bites. Everyone had a happy smile on their faces.

The three old men only ate half of the pudding. Finally, one of them walked in front of her and said, ‘It’s my turn today, isn’t it?’

Emily nodded and respectfully shouted, ‘Master.’

The old man glanced arrogantly at the other two, then walked over to the canvas and uncovered it...

‘Mr. Kamron, Vincent has left now. Why are we still waiting here?’

Not far from the entrance of the Scavo's, an ordinary business car was parked. The bodyguard in the car had been sitting in the driver's seat for three hours. At this moment, his bladder was almost out of control and he finally spoke.

Kamron put down his binoculars, 'Shut up.'

The bodyguard clenched his legs and closed his mouth.

Kamron picked up his binoculars and observed for a while, then muttered to himself, 'Now that she is Vincent's girlfriend, why can't she get along with me?'

'I don't know either.' The bodyguard took a deep breath to control his bladder.

'I didn't ask you,' Kamron said.

Bodyguard said, 'Oh...'

'Do you think Vincent knows that?' Kamron picked up his binoculars again. Mr. Rolando was sunbathing on the third floor. Several rooms on the second floor were all curtains drawn and nothing could be seen clearly.

The bodyguard was silent and kept looking for something to divert his attention. He lowered his head and looked at his fingers. There were scars.

'I'm asking you!' Kamron clapped the bodyguard in the back of his head. The bodyguard covered the back of his head and asked innocently, 'Mr. Kamron, do you want to ask me?'

'Is there any other man?' Kamron was furious.

‘...’

The bodyguard didn't know what to do. He felt that his bladder was about to explode. So, he simply asked, 'Mr. Kamron, why don't you just ask her directly?'

Kamron rubbed his chin, 'Does it work?'

The bodyguard nodded fiercely. Hurry up, or he would pee in the car.

Kamron opened the door but suddenly stopped, 'No, what if Vincent misunderstands?'

The bodyguard was speechless.

He didn't know if Vincent misunderstands or not. He only knew that if he didn't get down, he would pee in the car.

While Mr. Kamron was still hesitating, he got out of the car and hurriedly found a hidden place to release himself.

Kamron thought for a moment and closed the car door again. He turned around to say something, only to find that there was no one in the driver's seat.

At this time, another car stopped at the entrance of the Scavo's. Eliot got off the car and stood for a while. He picked up a phone call and got into the car. Not long after that, another car followed Eliot's. Kamron saw clearly that the car behind Eliot was....

Before the bodyguard returned, Kamron jumped from the back seat to the driver's seat, stepped on the accelerator and followed the car behind Eliot's.

When the bodyguard who was peeing heard the sound, he turned around and stopped peeing. He trembled and chased after Kamron, 'Mr. Kamron..'

An old granny happened to pass by. When she saw this scene, she glanced at him with disdain, 'A bastard!'

The bodyguard said, '...'

Eliot received a large order from the Scavo family yesterday and called a departments' meeting. In less than half a day, they came up with a plan. Today, he got to the Scavo Corp. but found out that Vincent had not been to the company for two days. He turned a corner on his way back to his company and went to the Scavo's.

Just as he got off the car, he received a phone call from his assistant. Vincent had arrived at the company.

Eliot had no choice but to drive back.

In the halfway, he found a car following him. The road ahead was overhauled and there were very few pedestrians. The car behind him suddenly accelerated and stopped in front of his car.

Eliot frowned and got out of the car. Only then did he see that there was more than one car behind him. There were three cars totally. A few bodyguards got off the cars. Without saying a word, they directly started fighting Eliot.

Eliot escaped the punches a few times. However, he had no experience of fighting with a group people. Soon, he was besieged to the point that he didn't have the chance to fight back. He tried to hide in the car, but before he could even open the car door, he was pushed against the car door.

When he arrived, Kamron saw that Eliot had been beaten so heavily and he was like a mud on the car door. It was not long when a man's hand reached out from the window and made a stop gesture. Thus, in the next second, the group of bodyguards all returned to the cars.

There was a section of road where not many people would choose. Only a few passersby saw the fight from afar and none of them dared to approach. Eliot lay on the ground in a sorry state, spitting out a mouthful of blood. His eyes were gray, and the world in his eyes was turning upside down. The dizziness made him powerless to stand up. He staggered to get up. In his obscure vision, he could vaguely see a man standing in front of him.

Eliot used all of his strength to beat and just hit Kamron's chin. Kamron was so angry that he wanted to ignore the injured man.

Damn it.

If it wasn't for the fact that he hadn't figured out why that little retard from the Britt family was so hostile to him, he wouldn't want to meddle in this kind of idle matter.

He touched his cheeks and tasted blood.

After that punch, Eliot fell to the ground.

Kamron carried Eliot to his car. He originally wanted to take him directly to the hospital, but later, he thought that this was a chance to meet Emily. He could even make her owe him a favor. So, he turned around and went to the entrance of the Scavo's.

Emily was answering Sydnee's phone call in the bathroom.

The two of them briefly talked about the progress of the Tea Manor, and Emily said bluntly, ‘What my brother said that day...’

The butler had explained to her in a few words.

Sydnee smiled and interrupted, ‘I know. I didn’t take it to heart.’

Emily didn’t know how to comfort her. If Sydnee was to be her sister-in-law, it would not be bad.

Sydnee thought that Emily was too embarrassed to speak. So, she said a few more words and then hung up.

Emily turned off the tap of the sink, then got up and went out. The butler just happened to run up from downstairs and panted, ‘Miss Emily, Mr. Eliot...’

Emily’s heart skipped a beat.

She quickly rushed downstairs and saw Kamron standing in front of the car door. The car door in the back was wide open, and Eliot was lying inside with a bloody face.

Kamron coughed softly, ‘Well, we might have misunderstood before, I ... Shit!’

Before he could finish speaking, he was kicked in the crotch by Emily. His entire body was so painful that he bent his waist and curled up like a shrimp. Just as he lowered his head, he was punched in the face again.

Emily had just learned free combat these past days, and she had just learned a new movement. Even her posture wasn’t very standard, but her strength was enough. Kamron only felt that these two siblings must be

his nemesis, and it just so happened for them to give him symmetrical punches on his face.

‘Misunderstanding ... I’m saving ...’ Before Kamron could finish his sentence, his collar was pulled by Emily and he had difficulty breathing.

Emily tugged at his collar. From afar, it was as if she had reached out and grabbed Kamron’s neck. Her clear eyes were almost spraying fire. She gritted her teeth and said, ‘If something happens to Eliot, I will definitely kill you!’

Kamron was so startled that he even forgot to retort.

The next second, Emily fiercely pushed him to the ground. Only then did Kamron feel a sharp pain coming from his body. He twisted and rolled on the ground, shouting randomly, ‘¥% & amp; @ # ...!’

‘Please take my brother to the hospital,’ Emily said to the butler.

The butler replied, ‘Alright.’

After she finished beating up Kamron, Emily realized that something was wrong. In her previous life, the grudge between Eliot and Kamron was because of her, but in this life, they should not know each other. Even if they knew each other, they shouldn’t have any enmity. Why was Eliot suddenly beaten up? Could it be...

Right.

Kamron recognized her at the banquet!

Naturally, he recognized her as Emily of the Britt family, the younger sister of Eliot!

If he couldn't attack her, he would have plenty of opportunities to attack Eliot. This shameless fellow!

After the butler drove Eliot to the hospital, Emily walked over to Kamron who was rolling on the ground and kicked him in his face again.

Kamron desperately dodged the kick. His face was purple with anger, and he roared, 'What did I do wrong? Why would I be beaten by you when I saved your brother?'

Emily's phone rang. Before she left, she glared at Kamron fiercely, then picked up the phone and walked in.

Harold said on the other end of the phone, 'Christy is not here. I don't know where she went. It seems that the two siblings are working together. Should I follow Christy now, or should I go back to follow Miss Elsie?'

Emily looked back at Kamron on the ground and lowered her voice, 'Did you find the bodyguards? Eliot was beaten. He should be in the City Hospital.'

'I have hired some bodyguards as you instructed. The contract has just been signed. I tell them to go later.'

Emily warned, 'Just let them follow Eliot secretly.'

'Yes.'

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In the President's Office of the Scavo Corporation.

'Mr. Vincent, Eliot was beaten on the way. The manipulators should be the Buckleys.'

Vincent raised his eyes and signaled for him to continue.

Rex revealed a sympathetic expression. 'Then it's very strange. Mr. Kamron suddenly got involved and was misunderstood by little ... No, he was misunderstood by Miss Emily, and then he was beaten up by Miss Emily at the door. I guess he had wanted to ease the relationship with Miss Emily and make friends with her. In the end, he never thought of being beaten up.'

The tip of Vincent's pen paused slightly. He added, 'Send someone to the hospital to have a look.'

'The butler has gone.' Rex thought for a moment and continued, 'I thought Miss Emily would go to the hospital directly.. But she was very calm and asked the bodyguards to call the Britts, and even pretended not to know that.'

Although Emily looked thin and weak, her willpower was even stronger than men. In Sanda, every time when she was knocked down, she would immediately stand up and shout, 'Come again.'

She was bothered by secrets, nightmares and pain hidden by her.

Vincent was more willing to grow up with her than to help her clear the hurdles. He hoped that she could be strong enough to overcome herself.

Vincent gave a soft look when he thought of those deer-like wet eyes. He turned his head and said, 'Tell Trevor that I will be there tonight.'

'Yes, Mr. Vincent.'

Rex did not leave immediately, standing there while biting back what he was going to say.

‘Go ahead.’ Vincent did not raise his head, and he looked exceptionally cold and indifferent against the computer screen.

Rex said, ‘Miss Arabella that day...’

The guards didn’t take what happened that day seriously. Arabella didn’t say anything. As for the little Hulk, she didn’t seem to be bothered by it at all.

‘Don’t you think that Miss Emily was too...’ Rex thought that she was too calm as if she didn’t care about Mr. Vincent at all!

Rex did not finish what he attempted to say and he was a little hesitant.

Vincent raised his head and glanced at Rex. That look was as cold as an ice blade.

Rex flinched and went out immediately. He knew that he might lose his job if he went on. Mr. Vincent knew the little Hulk’s feelings towards him better than anyone else. There is no need for other people to poke the nose into their business.

Vincent typed two words before he suddenly stopped.

He suddenly remembered that at the Dalton Hotel, the girl looked at him and calmly asked, ‘Do you want to marry me?’

Others might think that she was just joking, but he could see clearly that she had a lot on her mind. She was puzzled, confused, sad, hesitant, and resolute. She seemed to think nothing when she asked this question.

She did not like him, nor did she want to marry him. She asked this question purely because he liked her too much and she felt stressful and didn’t know how to return his love

About 90% of the single women in City Y dreamed of marrying Vincent, but this girl was definitely among the remaining 10%. Vincent had no doubt that this girl might look down upon him if he failed to leave a good first impression.

This little girl...

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Harold called the Britt's after he was sent to the hospital.

The butler answered the phone and immediately told Mrs. Britt and Miss Elsie what happened. Then, they rushed to the hospital quickly.

However, Maury could not go to the hospital because he had to take what Eliot was in charge of to the Scavo Corp. Then, he had to return to the company. He was so busy that he finally found some time to go to the hospital in the evening.

Beverly, Elsie and some others were at the hospital. Elliot was injured seriously and his chest and lungs were hurt to various extents. He took a CT scan and the doctor suggested that he stay in the hospital for a few days.

Moreover, it would take half a month for the wounds on his face to be gone.

'Don't tell Emily.' Those were the first words Eliot said when he saw Maury.

Hearing this, Elsie was so angry that she even thought about leaving another wound on Eliot's face, but she was held back by Beverly.

Maury seriously looked at the wounds on Eliot's body and said, 'Any idea who hurt you?'

'Yes.' Eliot said painfully because the corner of his mouth was hurt. Eliot was in great pain as he spoke because his wound would be covered by his saliva. 'Dad, don't worry about it. It was me who let my guard down this time.'

Maury didn't ask any further when he saw that Eliot didn't want to talk about it. Maury just told him to take care of himself.

Eliot said yes by closing his eyes instead of nodding because he felt pain on his neck and it could be difficult for him to look up and down.

Beverly kept her eyes on Eliot for the past two days, but the contract she cared about never showed up. She knew that her son didn't seem to trust her now. However, the five million yuan was so tempting that she didn't want to give up this great opportunity.

Beverly followed Maury immediately when she saw him leaving. She pretended to wipe tears and said to Maury, 'Who did this to my son?'

'Mind your own business and stay out of what happened to Eliot. There is nothing you can do about it.' Maury was worried about the company and was not in the mood to talk to her.

Beverly cried out, 'Then who am I?!'

Maury and Beverly just left the ward and there were many patients, relatives and medical workers standing on the corridor. Beverly's cry drew a lot of attention from other people.

Maury frowned at her and said, 'Keep your voice down!'

Beverly cried, 'What I did was just buying something. You have already slapped and scolded me. How dare you look down upon me now! Maury, when I was young, my family gave you a lot of support. You can't turn your back on me just because my family declines. I am still here. You can't think less of me. I am Eliot's mom. I am the mother of our children and your wife.'

Maury realized that a lot of people were looking at them. He grabbed Beverly and they went to a safe passage. He said in an angry voice, 'What are you doing?!'

However, Beverly suddenly changed her attitudes. 'My son has been in such a big trouble and you just tell me to ignore it. I am worried about my son! I have the right to know who hurt him. I know I got the company in trouble, but I have already reflected deeply on my mistakes at home these days. You can't completely deny someone just because of one mistake. You have to give me a chance to make it up. I want to be of some help when I see that our son is injured and you're so busy at the company every day. But I am also afraid that you might be angry at me. I feel like I'm useless in this family. I might as well die...'

Maury scratched his head and he was really annoyed now. 'I have a lot on my mind now, would you please stop making things worse?'

Beverly stopped at the right time and said, 'You can go now. Elsie and I will be here for Eliot and he will be okay. Tell me if there's anything I can be of some help in the company.'

Maury chose Beverly to be his wife. It's not because she was a gentle and virtuous woman who did a great job in taking care of her husband and children. Beverly became Maury's wife because she was a businesswoman. The Brooks family did not have any significant business before Beverly was married to Maury. It was Beverly who kept the

day-to-day account in record book then and therefore she was especially familiar with numbers. When she grew up, what she learned was market management. She then worked in another company for two years before she got her family's business back on track. The business did well thanks to her management. However, before the Brooks' business went public, it was found out to cheat on taxes. Beverly's sister-in-law didn't listen to Beverly because she wanted to save some money in this way. She even asked Beverly to stay out of it and as a result went to jail with Beverly's brother.

The Brooks family then declined.

But Beverly was right in that she was still quite good at managing business.

Maury began to take it seriously when he heard Beverly's cry. Then, he said, 'Alright, you can come to the company tomorrow.'

Then he left.

Beverly dried her tears and gave a sly grin.

When Harold called Emily, she had just finished a painting.

The three old men had their own unique views on art. One of them collected ancient culture work of art, and offered a course on art restoration. Therefore, what he taught was to paint on bottles and cans. Another man was a designer when he was young. Later on, he learned computer graphics. Of course, the structure was not as perfect as the hand-painted one, but it was much faster and the ideas he imparted were advanced. The last one was a master of Chinese calligraphy. However, what he liked was black and white, two colors in sharp contrast. A piece of white-rice paper was a dense color to him.

Therefore, in order not to offend any party, Emily drew the things that the three old men had taught her on a paper with her own understanding. There were black and white, oil paint, hard lines, and gentle strokes.

It was a shaded path that stretched diagonally all the way up to the sky. The green of the field mixed with the dark blue of the sea, and wound its way up. It was like a ladder had descended from the sky, not the ladder rising up to the sky.

The old men commented on the painting, while Emily took her phone and walked outside.

‘Miss Emily, you seem to have misunderstood someone else.’

Emily didn’t understand, ‘What?’

‘Mr. Eliot was not beaten up by Kamron. Actually... Kamron saved him.’

‘By whom? Saved by Kamron?!’

Emily felt ridiculous. It sounded like Barack Obama suddenly saying that he did not want to be president. She was so surprised that she couldn’t find words to express her suspicion. She suddenly remembered that Kamron seemed to have roared when he was beaten up. She was furious at that time and did not listen.

Now that she thought about it, Kamron seemed to have shouted, ‘What did I do wrong?! Why did you hit me when I saved someone?!’

Eliot was actually saved by him?!

Emily was filled with disbelief, but this was the truth. She had no choice but to believe it.

She slowly stroked the thoughts in her mind. ‘Ask the bodyguards to secretly protect my brother. Leave Kamron alone for the time being. If he wants to do anything to my brother, he will definitely come looking for him.’

‘Yes.’

‘My brother is hospitalized. Elsie and Beverly will definitely make a move. Keep an eye on them. Don’t let them find out.’

‘Yes!’

Before Emily hung up the phone, she said to Harold, ‘After this period of time, I’ll give you a raise.’

Harold, ‘...’

When Emily returned to her room, the three old men were still arguing. The painting was hung in the middle of the room. The setting sun outside the window shone through the gaps in the curtains, bringing with it a wisp of red light from the afterglow of the sunset. A ray of light slanted from the winding path in the middle of the painting.

The three old men turned around, as if the sun was too bright. They didn’t make a sound for a while until someone knocked on the door three times. Rex stretched his head in and said, ‘It’s time.’

Only then did the three old men suddenly return to their senses and say, ‘This painting has an artistic conception. No matter what, it belongs to the oil painting school. It’s time. Let’s go. Otherwise, that old guy will find out.’

‘Ok, ok.’

‘Little girl, see you tomorrow.’ The three old men were led by Rex to the elevator and waved at Emily.

‘Goodbye, Grandpa.’ Emily waved her arm.

Before they went down, Emily heard a voice, neither loud nor small, rushing into her cochlea, ‘She is more talented than...’

After Rex saw the three old men off, he sent a set of clothes to Emily, ‘Miss Emily, tonight we are going to the Peckers, you should change clothes.’

‘The Peckers?’ Emily asked confusedly. She had never come into contact with the Peckers in her previous life.

Rex said concisely, ‘It’s Miss Arabella’s house.’

‘Oh.’

Afraid that Miss Emily would think too much, Rex explained, ‘But we’re not going to see Arabella, we’re going to see Mr. Trevor.’

Emily nodded without asking.

To her, Arabella and Trevor were just a name. They were just outsiders.

As soon as she changed her clothes, she turned around and saw a man standing behind her. She didn’t know when he came in. Emily pretended to be calm and said, ‘Mr. Vincent, it’s immoral to peek.’

Vincent chuckled and took a few steps to rub her hair, ‘Hi, little girl.’

In the past, when Emily was rubbed by Eliot and Maury, she felt intimate and affectionate. But when Vincent rubbed her head, she felt different.

Before she could think too deeply, Vincent had already held her hand and said, 'Let's go.'

The Peckers was a noble clan in ancient times. It was still a large clan with a lot of family members. However, in the 1960s and 1970s, almost all of them went abroad to develop. Only a few old men were left to follow the feudal rules and continue to wander in the present world.

After drifting for so many years, the family has settled down all over the world. And they were stationed in City Y. There were few children in the Peckers. The other branch clans were almost only have sons or daughters. Few second births survive to the age of 28. In this generation of Arabella, they happened to give birth to boy-girl twins. This made the old man of the Peckers extremely happy. He believed that their ancestors had accumulated virtue and that they would have good luck in the future.

But it was too early for them to be happy.

When the boy-girl twins were born, everything was fine. When they were three or four years old, only Arabella was playing outside. The other was squatting in a corner. He only stared at a row of ants who had moved. At first, the family thought that he was curious and ignored him. Later, they discovered that the child could squat for a long time without moving. Only then did they realize that something was wrong.

When they took him to the hospital, the doctor discovered many problems. The child was not looking at people properly and seemed to be unable to hear anything. He did not react to the doctor at all. Thus, he was examined and determined the cause of autism.

The old man probably knew that this heir was hopeless. After all, at that time, people still had the concept of preferring sons over daughters.

However, these two children grew up peacefully. The doctor was right, Trevor was indeed autistic.

When he became older, he was excluded. His classmates didn't play with him, not even Arabella. He could only look up at the sky and see the clouds flowing in the sky. No one knew what was in his mind, because he closed himself off and didn't talk to anyone.

Until one day, he locked himself up in the garret.

When the car drove to the Peckers, Emily noticed that there was a garret on the top floor with Japanese-style carp windsock of black, red and cyan. The cool autumn wind in November blew by, and the three carp windsocks were like big carps, and their mouths were wide open as they churned in the night.

The Pecker's architecture was very exquisite.. They invited Feng Shui master to choose an address and finally chose a city center facing north and south, thus here was the Peckers.

Normally, people would build a garden around the house to create a vigorous ambience.

However, the Peckers planted an evergreen camphor tree in the middle of the yard. After many years, the tree had been rooted dozens of meters underground. It looked magnificent and its canopy expanded. The leafy tree was taller than the main part of the house, even as tall as the attic. The tree rustled in the breeze in autumn.

When Emily was inside, she saw the word Pecker carved on the door's tablet, and then the tree. Subsequently, a group of servants rushed out and said respectfully, 'Mr. Vincent, nice to meet you. Come in, please.'

Although the servants were surprised when they saw Emily, they became even more respectful, 'Hello, Miss. May I have your name?'

Emily nodded at them, 'Hi.'

Seeing that, the servants were aware that she didn't want to introduce herself and said, 'Mr. Pecker went night fishing, and his son, his son's wife and his granddaughter went out for dinner. Do come in, please.'

After saying that, they didn't straighten themselves up until Emily and the others entered the room.

Holding Emily's hand, Vincent went towards the attic and said, 'I'll visit Trevor.'

The servants were probably used to that, so they walked in front of him, 'OK, I'll lead you to Mr. Trevor.'

'No.' Vincent said indifferently, 'Just get busy with your own business.'

The servants bowed to him and said, 'OK, Mr. Vincent. Let us know if you have any need.'

Although the attic was above the master bedroom, one could walk up to it by a small side staircase and didn't need to go through the lobby. It was the elders of the Peckers that built the staircase for Trevor, and the stairs were made of painted agarwood. The servants laid down the soft carpet as the wind blew in autumn. Because Mr. Trevor felt the cold a lot, he rarely went out in autumn and winter. Now it seemed that he hardly went out throughout the year and the servants were accustomed to it. Even if Mr. Trevor did not go out, the servants still had to serve him respectfully so that he could feel warm.

Because the psychiatrist was sure that Trevor would open his heart and accept the external world if he lived in a world of love.

Holding Emily's hand, Vincent went up the stairs with her. The sound of their footsteps couldn't be heard because of the soft carpet. Emily felt a chill down her neck as the wind blew. She dropped her head and was aware that Vincent stopped for a while to keep pace with her. Emily walked a few steps before realizing that the wind blew to her neck had disappeared.

She looked at Vincent beside her in the darkness. The man with handsome features was only 26 years old, but he was not impulsive or passionate like a young man. Instead, he was an emotionally stable and restrained man. His black suit made him look like a deity detached from the world.

Vincent looked straight ahead and kept walking. He seemed to have sensed Emily's gaze, then he gazed at her and said, 'Watch the step.'

Hearing that, Emily stopped looking at him anymore and gripped his hand tightly.

Shortly, they arrived at the attic.

There was a little robot at the door. When it saw that they were coming, it immediately stretched its legs and stood up, holding a red rose in its hand.

It was the first time that Emily had seen such an exquisite and human-friendly robot. She was amazed for a moment before she realized that the red rose was for her.

She took the red rose from it and said, 'Thank you.'

The robot seemed embarrassed as it touched its bald head. Then, it pressed a button at the bottom of the door and the door opened.

Emily did not know that Trevor was an autistic before she came here. As the door opened, she saw a red world and couldn't help exclaiming, 'Wow.'

The floor was piled with sealed glass bottles of red roses. Because the stems of roses were tall, the bottles were high as well. Under the illumination of the lights, these piled bottles looked like a fiery carpet with red roses.

On the wall, there were many blessing bags and peach trees that his parents had prayed for from temples, which meant that Trevor can get blessings. All the things were scattered all over the bed rail. And the floor was covered with a thick carpet. Because Trevor did not like to wear shoes, he often walked on the floor barefoot.

There were no chairs in the room, and the owner of the room did not intend to come out to welcome them. Emily realized that the owner seemed to be a little weird until now.

She looked for a long time, but it seemed that no one was here. What she saw was that there seemed to be something wriggling on the corner of the bed. Because there was no light on the side of the bed rail, it was so dark that she could not see it clearly.

Suddenly, the robot in front of them spoke.

'Hi, Vincent.'

The sound from the machine seemed to be somewhat immature, like the sound of a child who was still eleven or twelve years old. There were

sounds of clattering that came from the side of the bed rail, and then the robot said again, 'Hi, Mrs.'

Emily felt that this voice was too soft and fragile to be disturbed, so he replied gently, 'Hello, my name is Emily Britt.'

'Rex said that the one she will visit was Mr. Trevor, so Trevor should be Arabella's older brother or younger brother. In light of Arabella's disposition, Emily was unable to link the person in front of him to Arabella's family.'

In her view, all family members from the Peck were graceful, just like Arabella. It had never occurred to her that Arabella had a brother like this, who barely had any sense of existence!

Vincent did not walk towards the bed rail. Instead, he pulled Emily's arm to sit on the carpet and surrounded the little robot. The robot in silver was about thirty centimeters long, and its material couldn't be identified. It was small but exquisite, with a nose and eyes, and its eyes were made of gray gemstones. It looked cold, but the light he emitted when looking at others was extremely gentle. Its five fingers were spread out, and each of it was so flexible that could be extended to more than a meter. So could its metal legs, each leg could be pulled to five meters. Its eyes looked towards Vincent, as if it was listening, but also as if it was waiting.

'I want to borrow something this time.' Vincent said, then he petted the robot's head, 'You little guy, will you go with me?'

But Trevor kept silent for a long time.

Emily did not know why Vincent wanted to borrow such a precious item. It seemed that the owner was unwilling to give it to him.

After a while, some scratching sounds came from the bed. Then the robot said, 'Vincent, I'm an adult now. Don't pet my head anymore.'

Emily fell silent.

'So that was why he had been silent for so long?'

She carefully looked over the bed and finally discovered that the bed rail was surrounded by a layer of something like gauze. However, it was thicker than the gauze. It was more like a curtain that wrapped the people on the bed. From the view of Emily, she could only see that something was wriggling. It seemed that it was the boy who spoke. But she didn't know whether it was his feet or his hands. The robot would speak after he moved.

Emily couldn't help but be surprised, what's that?

'Do you want me to install the system?' The robot asked.

'There's a tracking device. Just send back the images,' Vincent said.

The bed moved and the robot said, 'Wait for me.'

After that, the 30 cm height robot passed the two of them and walked onto the bed. The robot squeezed into the thick bed-curtain. Emily caught sight of a long and thin back, which was followed by a flash of light from a computer.

There was a computer there.

Probably there was some kind of text-to-speech conversion system. He typed and the robot converted to voice.

A few minutes later, the robot walked out again. It even had a luggage bag with a raincoat and a charger inside. This robot acted differently from other large robots which moved in a clumsy and mechanical way. It did not look like a robot at all.

This robot was such a successful creation that it was eligible for a world record.

The robot put on its bag and walked ahead. Vincent stood up, took out a box of chocolates from his pocket and threw it on the carpet. 'Let's go.'

The door was closed again.

The person on the bed waited until there was no sound from the stairs before getting out of bed cautiously. He picked up the chocolate on the carpet, tore a little bit of the wrapping paper carefully, and took a bite.

The sweetness filled his mouth. A faint smile finally appeared on this young man's pale cheeks.

When Emily followed Vincent to the car door, she turned around and looked at the garret. 'Why didn't he come out and talk to us?' Her voice was faint in the wind.

Vincent looked in the same direction as her and saw three carp windsocks flying by the garret. These carp windsocks were brought back by Trevor's parents from Japan where they went to pray for him. The Peckers used to be atheists, but now they went around begging for gods and goddesses, praying that Trevor could go downstairs from the garret and contact with the outside world.

But ... things went against their wishes.

'He doesn't like communicating with others.'

Emily finally understood. She looked at the garret for the last time and got into the car with an inexplicable emotion.

Not everyone in this world could follow the path of a normal person.

But life went on. Even if the road ahead was bumpy and there was no end to it, what we could do was to move on.

The little robot sat in the middle of the backseat with its luggage on its back. It could stretch and retract its legs and could even fly. It was like a tourist, sitting freely beside Emily.

Vincent reached out and lifted it to the window. The little robot's fingers immediately turned into a universal glue with strong adhesion, firmly stuck to the window.

Emily looked at it curiously. 'Why did Vincent borrow it?'

Vincent glanced at her, then lifted the little robot with the luggage bag and dropped it onto her palm. 'It has just recognized your voice. You can instruct it to run errands for you.'

Emily was somewhat surprised and then understood Vincent had borrowed this little robot for her.

The little robot stood up in her palm. It was ice-cold and weighty. It was the only companion of that person, and she had just taken it away.

Vincent had a rough idea of what she was thinking and said indifferently, 'He hasn't seen the scenery outside for a long time.'

Emily didn't know whether Vincent was referring to the robot or the person in the garret. Judging from his tone of voice, he was most likely referring to the latter.

After dinner, the two entered the study.

One was dealing with the unfinished business of the company, the other was reviewing the key points for Senior Two she learned last night.

Rex sometimes played two roles, switching between being a middle school teacher and the special assistant to the president. Occasionally, because of not adjusting roles in time, he would put on a serious face to Vincent.

‘...‘

The little robot walked everywhere on the ground without turning when it reached the bookshelf. It directly walked up the bookshelf vertically from the ground. Everything it saw was sent to the garret—including the scene of Emily sitting on Vincent’s lap to learn investing in stocks after she finished her lesson.

Meanwhile, something happened in the garret.

Arabella broke into the garret with her high heels clicking on the floor. The little robot was not around. There were only sealed red roses left in the room and something hanging on the bed rail to ward off evil spirits.

She usually didn’t come here often. Sometimes she came in once a month and just looked at her twin brother through the bed-curtain without saying anything. When she left, she would take a bouquet of roses with her.

But today, as soon as she came in, she was aggressive. Just as she pushed open the door, she asked, ‘Vincent has been here?’

Without the little robot, Trevor was unable to speak. He only moved gently on the bed.

The whole family spent more than twenty years on Trevor, but he looked as if he was completely unaware. A snail would at least draw in its horns to react. But Trevor would not give any reaction to the outside world. He has been hiding in his own world.

Having endured for so many years, Arabella finally could not help but be furious at the one on the bed. 'Speak! Are you mute?!'

Those carp windsocks flying by the garret seemed to have been shocked. All of them were suddenly deflated and became lifeless. The servants gathered downstairs and asked anxiously, 'Miss Arabella, what happened?'

'Did you have a quarrel with Mr. Trevor?'

Arabella closed the door and shut out the chattering of the servants outside. She walked to the bedside step by step. Her high heels poked sharp and thin holes in the carpet. She drew back the bed-curtain.

'Trevor! You know I like him! I've waited for him for so many years!'

The young man on the bed was suddenly exposed to the light. He was slender, wearing long sleeves blouse and long pants. The hat he wore had a long brim that shaded his eyes, making it impossible to see him clearly. What could be seen was only his thin and pale chin.

He looked sickly, as pale as a vampire. His daily life was only about the little robot and a computer. The last time Arabella saw him was four years ago when she went abroad. He asked the little robot to deliver red roses to her. She walked upstairs to the garret and looked at him through the door. At that time, he hid behind the door and peeked at her shoes and clothes, and asked the little robot to say to her, 'Have a good journey.'

But now, he was laying on the bed, wrapping his arms around his knees. He kept silent in response to her yelling and screaming. The computer in front of him was flashing images.

Arabella suddenly collapsed to the ground helplessly. She covered her face with her hands. She was extremely sad. Tears flowed out from between her fingers. She sobbed like a wounded little beast. She whispered and sometimes roared, ‘Can’t you see?! Why would you do this to me too?! Why....’

After she cried, she went to the bed to get the tissue. After searching for a long time, she could not find it, but then was stunned by the computer screen in front of Trevor.

On the screen, Emily was sitting on Vincent’s lap. They were concentrating on a computer in front of them. Although there was no sound coming from the computer, the sweetness between them could be clearly sensed.

Arabella frantically went to snatch the computer. Trevor, who had been silent, finally moved to seize the other side of the computer. His computer was transformed from a military one, which was ten times thicker than an ordinary computer and as heavy as a child. Arabella scrambled for it for a long time but was unable to get it from Trevor.

‘Arabella!’ Mr. and Mrs. Pecker finally came. Seeing this scene, they almost fainted. They hurriedly walked over, pulled Arabella’s hand off the computer, drew the curtain and said to their son, ‘Trevor, don’t be afraid. I’ll take your sister out. She’s drunk today. Don’t take it to heart.’

Arabella was taken outside by Mr. and Mrs. Pecker and helped downstairs by a few servants. She was seemingly out of her wits and muttered, ‘He did it on purpose today.’

The servant did not hear her clearly and asked, 'Miss Arabella, what did you say?'

'He deliberately did it when I was away.' Another tear fell from Arabella's eyes.

The servant asked with puzzlement, 'What happened, Miss?'

'So as to avoid me.' Downstairs, Arabella stood leaning on the handrail. Mr. and Mrs. Pecker also came down. Arabella threw herself into her mother's arms and said grievously, 'Mom, why doesn't he like me? Why...'

Mr. and Mrs. Pecker of course had heard about Vincent's arrival tonight. However, only after coming here did they hear from the butler that Vincent had a girl with him. The girl looked young but was very pretty.

Hearing of this, Arabella suddenly rushed out. Mr. and Mrs. Pecker didn't understand what's going on. Then, they saw the servants rush over and say that Miss Arabella and Trevor had a quarrel.

Over these years, not to mention quarreling, Trevor had hardly spoken to anyone. It would be good if they could quarrel. However, that was just a wish, it would be different to see it with their own eyes. The couple hurriedly ran here and witnessed the quarrel. They felt sorry for their son and rapidly brought Arabella down. Before they could reprimand her, they heard their daughter complain about such grievances.

'I've liked him for so many years. I cannot be reconciled!'

Trevor, who was in the attic, curled up on the bed. When there was no sound outside, he remained motionless until his hands and feet became numb. He finally moved. The computer went black and he rebooted.

Then, all kinds of information jumped on the screen. He intercepted all the information into a dialog box and switched the screen.

On the screen, the two were still sitting on the chair and snuggled up, looking at the computer screen where the Winkley Pharmaceutical's stock was on. The man explained patiently and occasionally shelled a melon seed from the plate beside him and then gave it to the girl in his arms.

Trevor watched quietly and gradually closed his eyes and fell asleep.

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After taking a shower, Emily had time to call her eldest brother. Not surprisingly, Eliot pretended to be very busy in the company and said that he would not visit her these days. He told her to stay in the Scavo's for more days and not make trouble there.

Emily also pretended not to know that he was in hospital. After chatting for a while, they hung up the phone.

Eliot was beaten. The most suspicious was Marquise. After all, it had only been two days since last banquet. However, Marquise was lying on the bed with injuries. Did he order his men to beat Eliot?

No.

Although Emily did not know much about men, she intuitively believed that if a villain was beaten up and wanted to take revenge, he would go for his foe conqueringly and openly with his men.

Marquise couldn't stand up. Even if he stood up, his injured face was disgraceful, so the person who beat Eliot was definitely not him.

Who was it ?

Who beat up my eldest brother ?

Kamron who beat her eldest brother saved him by accident after her reincarnation. Emily was caught in a dilemma. If without Marquise's interference, she would have suspected Kamron.

Suddenly, a sense of coldness came to her hand. It turned out that the little robot had climbed into her palm. She didn't know when it pulled out a blanket and draped it over its body, as if it was going to sleep.

Emily thought it was fun, held it to the bed and asked, 'Do you need to charge ?'

The little robot jumped off the bed again. Something like a silver pedestal appeared on the ground. The little robot walked into it. Then, a purple-blue light flowed through its body.

Its blanket was crooked, and Emily reached out to help with it. Suddenly, she thought, 'Is there anyone can help cover that man in the attic with a blanket ?'

That night, there was someone who could not sleep at all, and there was also someone who could not wake up from a deep sleep.

Jaquan, who was sleepless in bed, received a call from Arabella. For the first time, he hesitated and didn't answer. After all, he had already decided to go to work normally tomorrow instead of continuing to be crossed in love.

After hesitating for so long, the ring stopped. Jaquan sat up and muttered to himself, 'As long as she calls again, I will go no matter front is a mountain of swords or a sea of flames.'

However, there was something that was destined to happen.

The second call was from Armando.

‘Jaquan! Help! I’m driving to the city hospital right now. Go there quickly!’

Jaquan heard his miserable and panicked voice. He thought that Janessa was going to give birth. He thought again, ‘No, Janessa doesn’t even have a boyfriend, let alone giving birth to a baby.’

Anyway, he quickly changed his clothes, took the key of another car that he didn’t drive very often, and headed straight for the City Hospital.

The City Hospital was still overcrowded at midnight. It was as if the patients had made an appointment that all of them went to the hospital at this time. The doctors were occupied and the nurses followed the attending physician hurriedly with medical records in their hands. The patient with blood all over his body from a traffic accident was moved into the operating room on a stretcher. A string of blood flowed down to the white floor. The janitor quickly took the mop to wipe it away.

The nurses shouted the patients’ name loudly. The smell of disinfectant and blood mixed up and filled people’s noses. Jaquan almost suffocated in this environment.

Fortunately, it wasn’t long before Armando hurriedly rushed into the hall with a woman in his arms. From a distance, he only saw the woman in white. Jaquan rushed over and asked, ‘What’s going on?’

He lowered his head and discovered that the woman dressed in white was not Janessa, but the single mother who always found fault with him.

‘Janessa said that if she didn’t go to the hospital now, her limb would be amputated!’ Armando hurriedly put the woman in his arms into Jaquan’s arms.

Jaquan took over the woman off guard. She looked rather thin, and when he hugged her in his arms, he felt that her body was not soft, but rather tight as if she had exercised a lot.

He lowered his head and saw that there were beads of sweat on the woman’s forehead. She opened her eyes and looked at him, but rarely didn’t resist him.

Jaquan said with a sharp tongue, ‘What does her amputation have to do with me? Why did you call me here?’

‘I still have to hurry back to take care of Janessa. No one looks after her. You’re idle anyway. One good turn deserves another.’ Armando took out a stack of money from his pocket and stuffed it into Emma’s arms. Then, he said to Jaquan, ‘See you.’

Jaquan stretched his hand into the air. Under the weight of Emma, he withdrew his hand. He looked down at Emma in his arms. She was probably really sick. She didn’t make a single sound throughout the entire process. Her face was covered in sweat. The subcutaneous veins on her neck were clearly bulging. Normal people would have howled long ago.

Jaquan blamed his tough luck and stopped a nurse. ‘Send her to the emergency room. Without treatment, she’ll die!’

The nurse was not frightened. Anyone who arrived at the hospital at this time was on the verge of death. Even the doctor on duty wished to be in two places at once. The nurse on duty first asked about Emma’s condition and then asked Jaquan to register and fill in the information.

She was half unconscious. She couldn't answer any questions at all. Jaquan didn't know what kind of injury she was suffering from. He only knew that she had been bitten by a snake. The nurse asked in detail, 'How long has she been bitten? Was she injected with antiserum before? How long has it been? How does she feel now? Does she still have any sensation in her legs? How old is she? Does she have any allergies?'

Jaquan was in complete confusion. He had to call a doctor he knew and said, 'Hurry up and come over!'

Coincidentally, the doctor was on duty. Not long after he answered the phone, he rushed over. He first instructed the nurse to carry Emma into the mobile hospital bed, pushed her into the nearest emergency room, and then looked at Jaquan.

Jaquan hurriedly gestured to him. 'Don't ask me. I don't know anything. I only knew she was bitten by a snake. The day before yesterday, she seemed to have been given an antivenom. That day....'

On that night he brought Arabella over.

The doctor smiled, took off his mask, and looked at Jaquan with interest.

Jaquan was puzzled. 'What's wrong?'

'I thought you only liked pretty girls.' The doctor put on his mask again and went into the emergency room.

Jaquan frowned. After a while, he figured out what that doctor meant and chased after him, 'Wait a moment! Did you misunderstand something?'

The door of the emergency room was closed, leaving Jaquan outside. Jaquan scratched his hair, feeling he was crazy. He should have slept in

his bed instead of coming here on such a cold and windy night. Armando should be blamed.

Jaquan called Armando. The latter probably knew that Jaquan would settle the score with him, so he turned off!

Jaquan was indescribably angry. The door of the emergency room opened again, and the nurse handed out a stack of money.

It was the money that Armando gave to Jaquan.

Jaquan counted it. Armando was truly rich. He sent an unfamiliar woman to the hospital and directly left 50,000 behind. The Mosby family was indeed wealthy.

Jaquan sat on the chair holding the stack of money and waited for a while. Then he took out his phone and looked at it. Arabella did not call again. His mobile interface was clean. There were no missed calls and no unread text messages on WeChat.

He thought that even though he wasn't comparable to Vincent, he was a successful elite. But in the past few days, reality bit him telling him that he was arrogant and conceited.

He left the work world without causing a stir. His colleagues only talked about him occasionally. For saving Jaquan's face, they asked him, 'When will you come back?'

But they finished their work as usual, and no one needed him.

Nobody.

The door to the emergency room suddenly opened. The doctor came out wearing a mask. Noticing that Jaquan's face was ashen, the doctor

immediately said, 'Hey, hey, she's not dead. Why do you put such an expression?'

Jaquan stood up and said, 'No, I was thinking of something else.'

'Fill in the patient information.' The doctor took off his mask and called for a nurse to push the patient to the common ward.

Jaquan tilted his head and looked at Emma on the hospital bed. When he heard this, he subconsciously replied, 'I don't even know her name.'

'You didn't even know her name, but you sent her to the hospital?' The doctor was writing the name of the potion that Emma should be given next with his pen. Hearing this, the doctor left a hole in the paper. He couldn't help but look up and down at Jaquan and suspiciously asked, 'Are you so kind?'

'...'

Jaquan adjusted his sleeves. He wore a khaki-colored coat, looking handsome. But he had a sharp tongue. 'Don't treat me as a masher. Let me tell you. Even if I'm really lustful, I won't choose her. Look at her appearance. Who do you think will suffer the loss if I'm with her?'

The doctor was probably used to his shameless behavior, so he smiled slightly to show his disregard. 'Pay the fee first.'

'Does she need to be hospitalized?' Jaquan asked.

'Nonsense.' The doctor said as he walked, 'This woman is really amazing. Does she think that she is invulnerable to all kinds of poisons? If she were taken to the hospital half an hour later, she would be amputated.'

Jaquan nodded without saying anything.

As they parted, the doctor said, 'The charge office is over there. Where are you going?'

'I'll get a caregiver for her.' Jaquan raised his wrist and looked at his watch. 'It's so late. I still have to work tomorrow. I'll find a caregiver and go back to sleep.'

The doctor took a few steps forward and looked at him suspiciously, 'Doesn't you like her?'

'Nonsense! I've been tricked.' Jaquan looked up at the lamp on the ceiling with depression.

The doctor shrugged. 'Okay.'

'What?' Jaquan tensed as he said, 'Holy shit. Do you have your eyes on her?'

The doctor only smiled at him with a mysterious expression.

'Don't.' Jaquan grabbed his arm. After thinking for a while, he revealed some information about Emma. 'She has a three-or- four-year-old son. She lives in the countryside. I don't know if she's married or not. I heard that the child had never seen his father. That's all I know.'

The doctor nodded. 'She is a single parent. Alright, I know.'

Jaquan froze in shock from his reaction. 'You're a good young man. If you fancy a single mother, won't your family go crazy?'

The doctor raised his eyebrows at Jaquan. 'According to what you said, if I'm interested in all patients, won't the hospital be crazy?'

The doctor was right.

Jaquan took it as a joke. They clapped their hands and parted. He first went to find a caregiver, who asked for five hundred for her all-day service. Jaquan paid her two day's salary in advance and paid the fees for the emergency treatment, hospitalization and the deposit.

When he brought the caregiver back to the ward, the doctor happened to come back after checking the room. Jaquan had the nurse go inside. He stood at the door, intending to greet the doctor before leaving.

However, no sooner did the doctor walk over than he asked, 'How are doing with Arabella?'

Jaquan's heart instantly sank.. 'Stop talking about it.'

'Just give up.' The doctor took off his glasses and pinched his eyebrows. His fingers were exceptionally long and slender, as if he was born to be a doctor. All his movement was extremely pleasing to the eye.

Jaquan frowned in displeasure. 'Why?'

The doctor replied, 'If I were a woman and you and Vincent were standing in front of me, I would definitely choose Vincent.'

Jaquan raised his leg, intending to kick him. 'Scram. You are intentionally satirizing me.'

'No, I'm analyzing the situation for you. Arabella has been leading a comfortable life for so many years and stayed abroad for four years abroad. But she still can't forget her sweetheart when she comes back. Think about it. How many years have it been?'

Jaquan was silent for a moment.

'I have loved her for many years.'

‘You’re too superficial.’ The doctor took off his mask, revealing his chin which was covered with stubbles. ‘Other than her appearance, what else do you like about her? Her soul?’

Before Jaquan could refute, he sneered. ‘Don’t be ridiculous. Arabella is self-willed and spoiled. You don’t know how strangely nurses looked at me when I massaged Arabella’s foot last time.’

...

‘Alright, I’m going to make the wards round. Think about it carefully.’ The doctor patted Jaquan’s shoulder and said before he left, ‘Actually, she is nice. Her voice is quite pleasant.’

Jaquan asked blankly, ‘What do you mean?’

‘She let out a cry in pain.’

‘Collin, you are sick.’ Jaquan said angrily, ‘Beast!’

‘...’

The doctor looked at Jaquan curiously. ‘Arabella had been shouting in front of me for such a long time, yet you didn’t lose your temper. This single mother groaned in front of me once. You called me a beast.’

‘...’

Jaquan also felt that he was making a fuss. He coughed softly, ‘I just feel that you were extremely obscene just now.’

The doctor examined Jaquan in disbelief.

Jaquan kicked him. ‘Get lost.’

Jaquan was worried that Collin would fall for Emma. After all, Emma was a little different from other women. She was especially tolerant and cold.

However, Collin liked this type. When he was in school, he liked domineering girls, and he dated this kind of girl. Once his girlfriend changed to be tender, he would be tired of her and dumped her.

It seemed that Collin still was fond of this type of woman.

Jaquan looked at Emma through the ward window. The caregiver stayed by the bed. Emma hadn't woken up with her eyes closed. Jaquan took a look at his watch, finding that it was one o'clock in the second half of the night.

He walked back with the stack of money in his arms and sent a message to Armando via WeChat. 'You're doomed.'

Halfway through the way, Jaquan received a phone call from the caregiver. He was worried that Emma needed to pay or something, so he left his phone number for the caregiver. He didn't expect that something would happen so soon.

Jaquan pressed the answer button and asked somewhat wearily, 'What's wrong?'

'That young lady is gone.' The caregiver said hurriedly, 'She just woke up. I planned to help her wash up. I just went to pour some water, and she disappeared.'

'What?' Jaquan pulled over and massaged his eyebrows. 'Go to the bathroom to look for her. Perhaps....'

The caregiver returned, 'I just asked nurses. Someone saw that she went out. She should be out of the hospital.'

Jaquan got stuck for words, as if a thorn was stuck in his throat. After hanging up, he smashed the steering wheel fiercely. What the hell was going on?

He drove the car back, looking for Emma along the way. It was the middle of the night. He didn't know what was wrong with Emma.

Shit! He saw Emma limping to the side of the road from a distance. It seemed that she wanted to take a taxi, for she was looking at the traffic.

Jaquan parked the car beside her. She probably didn't recognize Jaquan. She bowed and asked, 'Hello, may I ask....'

The car window was rolled down, revealing Jaquan's face.

Emma was stunned before she silently retreated back.

Jaquan took out a cigarette from the inner side of his coat and took a deep breath. Then, he threw the cigarette out and got out of the car. He walked up to her and asked, 'What's wrong with you?'

Jaquan thought that Emma would ignore him. He didn't expect that after a moment of silence, she would speak. However, her voice was a little hoarse. 'I don't want to be hospitalized.'

The autumn wind was cold in the evening. With thin clothes, she stood at the intersection, trembling slightly from the wind. Especially the shin of her injured leg was exposed to the air. She didn't wear shoes, and her skin was not particularly fair. But her feet were delicate and her fingernails were pink.

Jaquan shifted his gaze back to her face and asked in a friendly voice, 'Then where do you want to sleep so late at night? A hotel?'

Emma shook her head.

Jaquan didn't know what to do. 'What do you want? You want to live in my house, don't you?'

Emma thought for a moment and then looked up at him. 'Yes, sorry to disturb you.'

...

Was this woman crazy?

\*\*

Bigwigs in City Y chose to hold a bachelor's party on the eve of Singles' Day. It was very grandly called a bachelor's party, though in truth it was nothing more than a sex one.

Only the real dandy in City Y could get invitations for this kind of activity, such as Ferne.

The moment he received the invitation, he scolded, 'I'm married! How many times do you want me to say it?'

However, when he got off work, he dressed up and wore perfume before going to the party with the invitation.

This was a single villa with three floors in the suburbs. There were security guards and security batons at the entrance. Besides, there was a super large bag that was used to store mobile phones. Everyone had to

turn off their phones and throw them into this bag. Otherwise, they would not be allowed to enter the villa.

Anyone who came in only needed to enjoy it. The organizer of the bachelor party would take care of everything else.

Ferne looked at his watch before turning off his phone. At 12:30 in the morning, most of the people in City Y slept soundly, but the nightlife here had just begun.

Ferne had just entered when he encountered a few acquaintances. They tacitly looked at each other, and then they smiled at each other in unison. They exchanged glances with each other about the reason why they appeared here.

‘Hey, I didn’t expect to see you here.’

‘Aren’t you here as well?’

‘Yes, yes.’

‘Don’t tell my wife.’

‘Definitely. Keep it as a secret from my wife.’

‘...’

Many people were married and pretended to be single. However, the organizers did not refuse to allow married men to join. Thus, those married men became even more arrogant. Almost as soon as they entered, they took advantage of the girl standing by the door, regardless of whether or not she was any man’s partner.

In their minds, all the females that appeared in this villa tonight could be suppressed beneath their bodies.

Ferne followed behind them and watched as they extended their hands towards the girls one after another. Those girls were somewhat young and charming, but they didn't feel any grievances or sadness after being offended. Seeing this, Ferne sighed deeply.

Somewhat, he had been less and less interested in women lately.

He treated his wife as an ornament. Unless he came home for the New Year, he didn't want to see her face that was full of hyaluronic acid.

Randy and the others had been laughing at him. They wondered if he had gone too far in his early years, so now he suffered from kidney deficiency.

Perhaps Ferne was too boring. He stayed at the hotel day after day and year after year. The novelty wore off quickly, but he was not young anymore. He was not a youth in his early twenties. He did not have patience or energy. He only wanted to keep muddling along. But life was so long, so he couldn't just mess around.

The villa suddenly darkened. Someone turned off the lights. Then a beam of light fell on the second floor. A man stood in the middle of the light. He wore a white vampire mask, leaving his lips and chin visible. He held a microphone in one hand and slowly took a few steps.. Resting the other hand on the railing, he shouted, 'Welcome to the bachelor party tonight.'

The people on the first floor cheered and whistled, 'Wow--'

The masked man upstairs gestured for silence. Then, he said, 'The guest rooms are on the second and third floors. You will find condoms in the

drawer. If you are one of the sexual minority, please go to the room at the end of corridor on the third floor...There will be everything you need...‘

His words were implicit and provocative, arousing the interest of everyone downstairs. Many of them were screaming and howling with extreme excitement.

‘Of course,‘ the masked man added, ‘I will try my best to satisfy all your needs, including...the special needs. You know what I mean by special...‘

The masked man smiled. His teeth were sharp and thin, but they were the dentures of a vampire. The smile vividly made him look like a bloodthirst and greed vampire.

Then the lights went out, and the wall lights in the villa faintly lit up. Everyone heard the clicking of high heels coming from upstairs, and every step was knocking on their hearts.

Ferne followed everyone’s gaze and saw a row of hot beauties in bikinis appear where the masked man had been. They stepped down in line and were looted by the men before being downstairs.

‘Hey, why are you standing here? Don’t you like them?’ A married man next to Ferne jabbed Ferne’s arm. The man said regrettably, ‘I’m too far away to grab one. I’ll go ask if there’s anyone else. Come with me.’

Ferne smoked and said, ‘No, you go ahead. I’ll stand here and watch.’

The man looked at Ferne in astonishment, ‘There must be something wrong with you. Do you like to watch people fool around?’

‘...‘

Ferne choked on his cigarette and coughed. He then followed behind the man. He wanted to know who was wearing the vampire mask. He was familiar with the earlier organizer of this event in City Y. However, something happened later. He heard that the former organizer was stabbed to death by a woman in bed.

Later, he heard that the organizers were all wearing masks, and they were changed every year.

The current supervision was stricter than before probably in case of the same incident. No matter who you were, as long as you entered this place, you had equal rights and status.

The only difference was gender.

This was a paradise for men and even for women.

Ferne hadn't participated in this kind of activity for two or three years after he got married. He came here now because a new year was approaching, but his life was still boring and painful.

If he met someone attractive, it was good to have an affair.

As the two of them walked from the hall to upstairs, all sorts of provocative groans could be heard from downstairs. The married man in front stopped for a moment and cursed softly.

Fortunately, there was no one in the corridor on the second floor. People were downstairs. They walked along the corridor for a few steps and saw a room with the door half open and heard some sound from inside. The married man pointed at the room and said to Ferne implicitly, 'It seems that they all have special needs.'

Ferne tilted his head and only saw a tall man with sharp nose and thin lips wear a half-silver mask. From Ferne's angle, his lips were slightly lifted, looking a bit sexy.

Sexy?

Ferne slapped his forehead. God, could man's lips be sexy?

That man's lips are indeed sexy.

Ferne's house was flooded with pictures of all shapes of noses, lips and big eyes because his wild wife liked plastic surgery. Ferne looked at those pictures for months and he was so sick of them and moved to the hotel. He definitely knew that the man's lips were natural. The man had never had a plastic surgery.

From a plastic surgeon's view, the lips were indeed sexy.

A waiter was handing out masks downstairs. Ferne randomly grabbed one and wore it when he entered. However, the others could recognize him through the mask. He thought the mask became useless.

Through the door, he could vaguely hear people inside saying, 'How many people? They're not very obedient...The price can be negotiated...Don't screw it up...'

The door was suddenly opened by the man wearing a silver mask probably because he was standing too close. The man was next to the door and stared at Ferne, asking, 'Who are you?'

Only then did Ferne see that there were seven or eight men inside, each wearing a mask, like a group of cults holding a wrap-up meeting.

He looked around and saw the man who was the organizer in the vampire mask sitting in the center. The man raised his chin and looked through

the mask. Before Ferne spoke, the married man beside him pushed his way and said, 'Oh, we missed the girls. Is there any...any bikini girl left?'

Those masked men laughed at the same time.

The married man was also a little embarrassed by their laughter, 'Give us two girls, we won't disturb you.'

The organizer took a puff of his cigarette and said, 'There's another group coming in half an hour later. Besides, you can wait for a few minutes downstairs. You'll get one. Don't worry.'

His words were implicit, but everyone laughed. Of course, everyone knew what 'a few minutes' implied. The married man suddenly realized, slapping his forehead and immediately left with Ferne.

The two walked downstairs to the hall on the first floor. The married man waited on the sofa, while Ferne stood a little far away and looked at the third floor. He only saw four men in black patrolling the corridor and two bodyguards in black clothes and shades standing at the staircase.

'If I am correct, the third floor should be...'

'But why are there so many people guarding? Are they afraid of something happening?'

As a policeman, Ferne's intuition was quite accurate. He could keenly sense something unusual.

Half an hour later.

As the organizers said, a new round started. The villa's door was opened, and a group of single men entered. The new girls stepped down from the second floor as usual.

The organizers still made the same remarks under the searchlight, arousing everyone's interest to the climax, and then the lights were out amidst the screams.

This was the beginning of a carnival.

Someone finally went up to the third floor. Ferne noticed that the man wearing the silver mask had also followed behind the organizer to the third floor with seven or eight people. He thought for a moment and followed.

The married man had already shagged and was resting on the sofa. He stretched and tugged at Ferne when seeing him going upstairs, 'Hey, what are you doing?'

'I'll go up and take a look.' Ferne said and went straight away.

The married man looked exhausted and said, 'Such a weirdo. You really enjoy watching people fool around.'

'...'

Ferne went straight to the third floor and saw those people standing in front of the man in black.. The man frisked them before letting them go one by one.

Ferne followed the last one. The man turned around and looked at him, 'You like this too?'

Ferne knew what the man was referring to and vaguely replied.

The man thought Ferne was embarrassed, and even laughed at him, ‘Well, just relax and enjoy yourself. Besides, it’s legal here.’

The last sentence was said in low voice, but it enlightened Ferne. He had never been to the second floor. There were gambling tables in the past. Normally, he was pulled to join the gambling including dice, mahjong and poker as he came in. He thought it was just a different place to gamble. He had never thought that this place could be illegal.

The man in black frisked slowly. He was so meticulous that he almost touched Ferne’s underwear. Ferne was frisked thoroughly. He resignedly looked at the man in black and said, ‘Man, I almost got hard.’

The man in black replied with silence.

The man who spoke to Ferne before patted him, ‘I just said you were shy. I didn’t expect you to be like this. Man, I misjudged you.’

‘...’

The group followed the organizer forward. The organizer opened a door and seven or eight people poked their heads to peek. Ferne also did that, seeing a naked girl walk back and forth in the room. She was short and seemed to be underdeveloped. She had short hair which just covered her shoulders. She was so thin that her spine was prominent. She looked at the door with fright after hearing the sound. Then, she cowardly squatted in a corner with her hands around her shoulders.

Ferne’s eyes turned cold. This girl was forced.

Someone raised his hand, ‘I want her.’

The organizer patted his shoulder and said, ‘Go.’

Then, the organizer opened the second door with the rest of people following, and the scene in this room was the same. The girls were too young to even grow up. Their eyes were filled with fear. One of them was even so scared that she trembled.

However, there were men stayed in the room each time, and the door was closed.

Ferne's heart sank as he walked forward. How many rooms were there on the third floor, and how many girls were there in total? If he took an action now, how many could he save?

When they were in front of the sixth door, only Ferne and the man in silver mask were left. The organizer opened the door and the girl in the room cried. She looked at Ferne and cried for help, 'Let me out-please-let me out-'

Ferne was about to speak when he heard the man wearing the silver mask say, 'I want her.'

Then they came to the next door.

When the organizer took out the key to open the door, he said to Ferne with a faint smile, 'I didn't expect you to like it.'

Only then did Ferne realize that the organizer recognized him.

'Why are you nervous? I sent you the invitation by myself.' The organizer explained.

Ferne asked, 'Why?'

‘I heard that you and your wife don’t get along very well. I thought you might be a kindred spirit.’ The man opened the door and let Ferne in, ‘I was right.’

The naked girl bent over the window and shouted at him in tears, ‘Don’t come over-’

Before leaving, the organizer said to him, ‘There’s medicine, water and tools on the table...If you can’t subdue her, ring the bell. Have a good night.’

The organizer smiled at him with his sharp teeth exposed under the vampire mask, and then left with a smile.

Ferne closed the door and said to the girl, ‘Calm down-’

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‘Here are your clothes.’ Jaquan Cox took his hoodie outside the bathroom and put it in the bag hanging on the doorknob. ‘Take a quick shower. Be careful. If you die in my bathroom...’

Before he finished his words, the bathroom door suddenly opened. Emma walked out in a bath towel, took the hoodie in the bag, and sniffed it at the tip of her nose. There was a mild flavor of lavender detergent.

Jaquan Cox noticed that she had a neat figure, like a gymnast. Her limbs had muscles, especially her arms. She exerted her strength a bit and the muscles would come out, which was very beautiful.

This was the first time he saw a woman with muscles, so he was curious, ‘Did you do workout?’

Emma ignored him, took the hoodie and closed the door. She stood close to the door and changed her clothes. Jaquan Cox forgot to tell her that the bathroom door was translucent and people inside could vaguely be seen.

He turned away. Although Emma was a single mother, he still should show some respect.

Emma changed her clothes and came out. The black hoodie was oversized and covered part of her thigh. She limped out. Jaquan Cox looked at her and said, 'Hey, you could be crippled if you keep walking.'

Emma did not say anything. She was about to pass him when her stomach rumbled.

'...'

Jaquan Cox glared at her, 'You can still eat at this time?'

Emma asked, 'Is there any food in the kitchen?'

Jaquan Cox did a facepalm, saying 'No. No one cooks here. I'll get delivery. What would you like to eat?'

'Noodles.'

Jaquan Cox was speechless. 'It's my treat. Don't worry. Order whatever you want.'

'With one egg.' She held up a finger and said.

'...'

Some takeaways were open as expected, but most of them were barbecue restaurants, fruit shops and 24-hour supermarkets. Jaquan Cox couldn't

find a noodle bar, so he ordered some barbecue, and noted noodles with a fried egg. He also noted he would pay additional 100 yuan.

Jaquan Cox tidied up the guest room for Emma. Then, he taught her, 'If the courier is arrived, you can press this button to open the door.'

He showed her how to do it twice and entered his room to sleep after Emma fully understood and nodded.

He was so sleepy.

Emma sat on the sofa and waited for the delivery, she actually wanted to call Stony, but she thought it was too late to call. Jaquan Cox's room was very clean, just like himself, being unrestrained and wild. There were gorgeous graffiti on the walls with rich colors like black and white, blue and red. The floor was dark brown, the curtains were white, and the wooden coffee table with visible growth rings was embedded with glass in the middle. The design was unique and eye-catching. The sofa was in dark khaki grid. The plain white and black slippers showed a typical male style.

It seemed that no woman had ever slept in this room.

Emma hesitated for a moment when she decided to live here. However, she thought that since Jaquan Cox had permitted her to stay, then the woman she saw last time definitely did not live here, so she felt reassured to stay.

She could not stay in a hospital, let alone a hotel. They would find her...

The doorbell rang. Emma immediately limped to open the door. After the door opened, she was stunned.

Arabella was standing outside.

‘Jaquan Cox...’ Arabella’s face turned red as well as her eyes. The moment the door opened, she took a step inside. As soon as she vaguely saw a pair of slim legs, she was sober for a moment. After she looked up and saw Emma, she became more sober. She held the door and slowly responded, ‘Sorry....I, I enter into the wrong room.’

Jaquan hadn’t fallen asleep. He was a little worried when he heard the sound outside. When he came out to take a look, he saw Arabella staggered towards the door and said vaguely, ‘Sorry, I knocked on the wrong door.’

Arabella went out of the room in a hurry. But when she saw the decoration of the entrance, she thought that she was in the right room. She turned around, and she happened to see Jaquan coming out of the bedroom. He had the habit of sleeping naked. At this moment, he was only wearing a nightgown with his chest uncovered.

Arabella instantly figured out the situation. After a moment of silence, she said to Jaquan, ‘Am I interrupting you?’

‘No. It is not what you think.’ From a distance, Jaquan just noticed that it was Arabella who was standing at the door. He immediately regretted bringing Emma back.

Emma limped back onto the sofa so that Arabella and Jaquan can talk.

‘I’m sorry.’ Arabella said. She smelled of alcohol. She was wearing high heels. She stepped back and said, ‘I’m leaving now.’

Jaquan strode to the door and held her arm. He frowned and asked, ‘Why did you drink so much alcohol?’

‘I’m a little unhappy. I just want to talk with you.’ Arabella smiled. She looked a little simple and cute when she was drunk, ‘It seems not the time for me to visit.’

She turned around and walked out, but Jaquan grabbed her and said, ‘Wait a moment.’

At that time, the delivery guy came in with the takeout. When he saw a man was holding a woman’s arm, his voice was getting lower, ‘Please get your takeout.’

Jaquan took the takeout and said to the delivery guy, ‘Thank you.’

Arabella sniffed the takeout. Jaquan noticed her reaction and put the takeout in front of her. ‘Are you hungry?’

Arabella had a regular daily routine, and she kept early hours. However, she encountered with Britt after back to the city. Arabella felt it was unpleasant. She always drank a bottle of wine and got drunk from time to time.

Today’s situation was even worse. She went to the garret and bullied Trevor. When thought of it, her eyes turned red again. She was too embarrassed to go back.

Jaquan saw that she was almost cry. He immediately closed the door and took her to the sofa. He went to pour a cup of hot water and put it on the tea table. After thinking for a moment, he poured another cup of water for Emma.

Emma opened the takeout bag and the cover of the box. The room was full of the fragrance of the noodles and barbecue.

Jaquan placed the barbecue in the middle of the glass of the wooden tea table. He gave some barbecue to Arabella, 'Here you are.'

Arabella looked at Emma. Emma was lowering her head and focused on eating noodles.

Emma seemed to notice Arabella's gaze. After a while, Emma raised her head and asked, 'Do you need me to eat in the guest room?'

Arabella was stunned for a while before she recognized the meaning of the sentence. She stood up at a loss and said, 'I...'

Emma pointed at her leg and said, 'Wait for two minutes. It's not convenient for me to move.'

Arabella hadn't finished her words. She sat down hesitantly. She felt that it was strange. Emma was plain looking, but why did she speak with an invisible powerful aura? Emma seemed to be someone who always gave orders to others.

Emma did not chew slowly, and she did not swallow either. Instead, she stuffed a lot of food into her mouth and chewed like a hamster.

Emma had just washed her hair, and her hair was a little wet. Her hair was long to her shoulders. When she was eating noodles, she probably couldn't find anything to tie her hair. She simply took the disposable chopsticks from the takeout, and she put up her hair with one chopstick. At the time, Jaquan was unable to take his eyes off Emma.

After Emma finished eating, she packed the packing box in the bag, and tied it up. She limped into the guest room.

As soon as Emma closed the door of the guest room, Arabella looked at Jaquan and said, 'I called you today, but you didn't answer.'

Jaquan knew that she was talking about the phone call at night. He didn't know how to explain it. Arabella then asked, 'Who is she?'

It was more difficult to explain.

He said vaguely, 'She is just a friend of a friend.'

'Ok.' Arabella took the cup and drank the water. She put the cup on the tea table and said, 'I have to go back.'

'It's too late. It's not safe for you to go back alone. You can stay here.' Jaquan stood up and said.

Arabella glanced at the guest room. She worried that the Emma could hear her, so she whispered, 'The driver is waiting downstairs.'

'Then I'll take you downstairs.' Jaquan said.

'OK.'

Jaquan took his coat and put it over Arabella. He sent Arabella to the car, and turned around after the car started.

Arabella looked at Jaquan from the rearview mirror. She was a little down, and she asked, 'Has he also changed his mind?'

'Miss Arabella, Jaquan is a good man.' The driver said, 'At least he is sincere to you.'

Arabella said sadly, 'But I like Vincent.'

The driver sighed, 'You can't just focus on love in your lifetime. You still have a lot of things to do. The Peckers is relying on you.'

‘I know.’ Arabella wiped away the tears on her eyelids and took a deep breath. ‘I won’t disappoint everyone.’

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At the same time.

Ferne joined the party for singles in a villa. The villa was on fire!

On the third floor, He was anxiously thinking of a way to save all the girls in the room. But he heard the chaos outside. Somewhere on the first floor was on fire, and the fire started to surge. Everyone on the second floor and the third floor ran out of the room.

Ferne hurriedly came out as well. Others in the room also ran out, and all people were disheveled, except for the man with a silver mask in the next door.

All people hurriedly ran downstairs, but Ferne still remembered to bring the girl out of the room. She was so scared that she didn’t let Ferne get close to her. She even bit Ferne’s wrist.

Then Ferne said, ‘I’ll save you!’

The girl’s eyes finally lit up, and she wiped her snot and tears. She staggered behind Ferne when running downstairs.

The girls in other rooms also ran downstairs. Everyone in the hall on the first floor ran to the lawn outside. The security guards and bodyguards were holding fire extinguishers to put out the fire.

On the second floor, the organizer shouted with the microphone, ‘Quiet! Everyone, don’t panic!’

But no one listened to him. Everyone ran out like headless flies. Then, with a gunshot, the crowd fell silent.

The thick smoke from the fire extinguisher cleared.

The hall fell silent, and the organizer seemed to chuckle through the microphone on the second floor. 'There's a rat sneaking in.'

'What? What rat?' The crowd in the hall whispered.

'Turn on the lights!' The organizer put the gun in his clothes and said, 'Everyone, we need your cooperation. Stay where you are. Crowe, check the number of people.'

'Yes, Sir.'

The person called Crowe was wearing a long black suit. His face was covered with a black crow mask. He held a list in his hand. Anyone who came in with an invitation card would sign it.

However, those who registered would not see others' signatures. Everyone could only see their own names. Only the organizer had the list, so everyone was at ease.

Now the organizer wanted to check the names in front of everyone. The people in the hall became restless.

'Didn't you say it was confidential?!'

'That's right! At that time, we agreed to keep it a secret! No one can see our names!'

'That's right, that's right!'

The organizer patted the microphone, which made such a piercing sound that everyone covered their ears. Then his cold voice was heard, 'Quiet! ID check one-on-one. No one's name will be revealed. There's a mole among us. I will give you a reasonable explanation after I find him out.'

After mumbling a few words, the crowd in the hall followed his words.

Crowe took the list and began to check. People only needed to tell him their registered names, and then they would be allowed to enter the room to wait after Crowe found his or her name on the list and put a tick after it.

Ferne felt his hand tightly held by the girl who had just been brought out. She did not understand why everyone suddenly became so quiet. She was so afraid that at this moment her eyes were filled with fear and uneasiness.

To comfort her, Ferne patted the girl's hand. Somehow that married man discovered Ferne and pushed his way to the front of Ferne. When he saw the girl whose hand was held by Ferne, the man said in a surprised tone, 'Damn! No wonder you remained silent. You have such a special taste!'

Ferne couldn't be bothered to talk to the man. He looked around and found that the other little girls had been seized by the bodyguards and taken to a corner. Only the one by his side was not discovered because she hid away in the crowd.

Wait.

If he remembered it correctly, there were seven doors on the third floor. There should be seven girls!

But there were only six, five in the corners and one by his side.

There was one missing!

At the thought of it, Ferne began to search the crowd for the man wearing the silver mask. Due to the fire in the hall, many people were crowded around the sofa, which shadowed the man who stood against the wall. The man could probably feel the eyes and looked up. His eyes met Ferne's and he also glimpsed the girl.

The eyes under the cold mask seemed to reveal a trace of tenderness.

Before Ferne could see it clearly, the organizer said almost immediately, 'Send the girl back before you enjoy yourself. You can continue later.'

This was aimed at Ferne. The crowd could not escape the organizers' eyes, for the lights were on and he was on the second floor with an excellent view of the downstairs.

The bikini girls were all standing on the stairs, while the little girls were sent back to the room on the first floor by the bodyguards. Ferne held the girl's hand and suddenly whispered to her, 'You go with them first. I'll find a way and help you out later.'

He brought her to the bodyguards. The people around him couldn't see his face through the mask, so they all bantered with him. They smiled and said, 'Your taste is special, bro! Enjoy it?'

Ferne was annoyed, but he managed to restrain himself and smiled at them.

The smile was seen by the girl. She didn't believe that Ferne was serious about his words. He was still one of them. They were all liars, big liars.

She suddenly cried out, 'Liars! You're all liars! Let me out! Let me out!'

She fiercely bit the wrist of the bodyguard who controlled her. Due to a moment's inattention, the bodyguard let go of her. She ran away and rushed towards the gate. Ferne stretched out his hand to stop it, but missed her by inches.

A gunshot rang out in midair. The girl was hit against the gate, blood splashing onto Ferne's face.

Ferne lowered his head and looked at his hand in shock. He could still feel the temperature of her blood, and there were traces of the girl's dirty claw prints on his white hands.

He swore a few minutes ago that he would save her.

But the next second, she died in front of him.

'There's another one in hiding. If you don't come out, I'll fire a gun.'  
The organizer's ghostly voice rang out.

Ferne turned around and looked at the second floor. The organizer looked down at the people below, and an evil smile found its home on his face under the vampire mask. He was like a demon high above, looking down at the hell on earth with a bloodthirsty light in his eyes.

Somehow the crowd quieted down. Many people didn't dare to make a sound again. They cooperatively walked over to Crowe and automatically announced their names. Then, they entered the secured room.

Gradually, the people in the hall were fewer and fewer, leaving only a small number of them unchecked. The organizer walked down from the second floor and waved to the bikini girls to let them into the room on the second floor.

He walked down the stairs step by step until he reached the girl's corpse and squatted down. He examined her up and down, then looked at Ferne who was standing beside him and asked, 'Do you know when the fire broke out?'

Ferne didn't answer. He just looked at the corpse on the ground and said, 'You shouldn't kill her.'

The organizer smiled and said, 'You're strange.'

He stood up from the ground and walked unhurriedly into the remaining crowd, saying, 'There's another strange person.'

Ferne looked up to see the organizer standing in front of the man wearing the silver mask. He asked the man the same question, 'Do you know when the fire broke out?'

'I don't know,' said the man.

The organizer asked, 'What's your name?'

'Rodney.'

Crowe took out the list and found the name. The organizer nodded. But as Rodney was about to leave, he was stopped by the organizer. 'Wait a moment.'

Rodney stopped but didn't turn around. He tilted his head and asked, 'What's the matter?'

The organizer looked at him and said, 'I have another question for you. Wait a moment.'

Rodney stood there. He waited until everyone was checked and entered their rooms. Only Crowe, the organizer, and Ferne were left.

‘Do you know why I kept you here?’ The organizer took the list and walked around Ferne.

Ferne still remembered the corpse behind him. He was unwilling to put on any airs and said coldly, ‘Let’s come to the point. Don’t beat around the bush!’

The organizer smiled with an air of indifference. He even stroked the vampire mask on his face and said, ‘When the others came out, their clothes were all untidy. Only the two of you...’

His glanced at Ferne and Rodney. The two of them were neatly dressed, and their hairstyles weren’t even messed up. But when the others ran for their lives in panic because of whoring and the fire, they were like drown mice. Some buttoned their shirts wrongly, and some of them even ran out without wearing their shoes.

The organizer walked around the two of them and showed his sharp teeth with a bloodthirsty smile. ‘I’m curious what are you guys doing in your rooms without enjoying yourselves?’

The penultimate was stressed in his words.

Ferne looked at Rodney. He couldn’t figure out what Patrick was thinking through the mask, but he could feel that the man was very calm from beginning to end, as if he had already expected such an outcome.

The organizer stopped in front of Rodney. He was not as tall as Patrick, but he had an aura of authority. He bent to look at Patrick’s eyes under the mask. ‘Or ... you are hiding something?’ He said in a voice so low that it was like he was whispering,

Before Ferne uttered a word, there came a voice beside him, 'I like men.'

The organizer was surprised, 'What?'

Rodney seemed to be vexed, 'I thought the special services you provided were for gays like me. But later, I saw there were all girls on the third floor. However, I had to choose one since everyone else did.'

'I thought I'd talk to you later, but the fire broke out.' He spread out his hands and his fingers were very clean. And there was a ring on his ring finger. He might be a married man like Ferne.

'You said you like men?' The organizer looked at him doubtfully and asked after a while, 'What type?'

Rodney laughed and pointed at Ferne, 'Like him.'

Ferne had nothing to say.

'Alright, it's our fault for mistaking the guests' needs.' Although the organizer was dubious about what Rodney just said, he managed to restrain his fierce-looking and asked sharply, 'But, can you tell me why the girl in your room disappeared?'

'I don't know. I ran out after the fire was on.' Rodney said nonchalantly, giving people time to think. He behaved like a gentleman, 'Besides, how can you be sure that it is the girl in my room who disappeared?'

Of course, the organizer wasn't sure. He just bluffed, but Rodney didn't fall for the trap.

A moment later, Crowe went back with the list. He whispered in the organizer's ear, 'The number of people is exactly as the list, but...'

He hesitated.

The organizer was a little impatient, 'But what?'

'It's just that ... one of our bodyguards is missing.' Crowe said in a low voice. Not surprisingly, the organizer slapped him fiercely. After that, he turned around and said hurriedly, 'Let the guests leave quickly. If the other party was here for that girl, they won't meddle our business. But if...'

Before he could finish, a sound of the police car came from outside.

'Who called the police!' The organizer's face turned ashen with anger. 'Are you sure about the list?!'

The crow hurriedly handed over the list. 'I checked them all. There are no moles.'

'The list is correct, but who knows the person under that mask?' The organizer took the list and stared at Rodney, then at Ferne Dalton.

Crowe asked, 'Then what should I do? Shall I go to check now?'

'No!' The organizer kicked Crowe and said, 'Take the girls and run from the secret tunnels right now!'

'Yes!'

When Ferne turned around, the girl's body had disappeared. The bodyguards were cleaning the door, some were doing their works in order as if they all got used to this situation. People in the room also went out and danced to the blasting music in the hall, as if they were having a party.

If Ferne hadn't witnessed a girl die in front of him, he would have almost been fooled by this scene.

The policeman knocked on the door and kicked it, and shouted loudly. But nobody answered.

It was not illegal to have a party. Besides, would they get caught if they ignored the police?

Absolutely no.

The police shot at the lock and finally opened the door. A group of armed policemen came in, and some of them went straightly to the third floor. However, there was nothing there. They carefully checked everywhere and found nothing. They returned downstairs with guns and made a gesture.

The captain still stayed calm. He raised his hand again and the group of policemen immediately rushed to the second floor to continue searching. The result was the same. There was nothing.

Ferne was thinking that it was so much difficult to take a kid away from the third floor when the fire was burning. The organizer was on the second floor, and he could see even the slightest movement on the first floor. Moreover, there were four bodyguards on the third floor. Even if all of them went down to put out the fire, how could he avoid the guards outside the door? It was even harder when he took a child with him.

Ferne had an even bolder guess. If the arsonist was with Rodney, and if they wanted to save the seven children, then the perfect plan was let the police to find one of them.

The people in the hall looked at each other for a moment, then continued to dance. The music was wildly ringing, and the captain shouted, 'Turn off the music!'

But nobody cared about him.

It was the police on the second floor who found the stereo and turned it off.

The music was off. But the people below were not quiet. A man smoked and said to the police, 'What? It's against the law to have a party? Do you want to arrest us? Sir?'

As he spoke, he raised his hands as if he surrendered, which made others laugh out loudly.

'Who is in charge of this event?' Asked the policeman.

'Me.' The organizer walked out of the crowd. He was dressed in a white suit and was quite conspicuous in the crowd. 'I am the organizer. May I ask what law we violated by singing and dancing here, which bring you here in the late night?'

'I received an anonymous report that something illegal happened here.' The policeman answered righteously.

'Illegal?' The organizer laughed, 'You're really funny. The people who come here are all decent men. They just come over to enjoy themselves. Is that illegal?'

The police might realize that this person is a sophisticate, so he handed him over to the other police officers to record his statements. Then the police went to ask other people who were attending the party.

Other policemen didn't give up, either. They were searching around the second floor and third floor. Some of them even knocked on the wall. They probably trusted the anonymous informant very much, and they firmly believed that there was something happened. Therefore, they were all searching the ground inch-by-inch.

A moment later, a policeman shouted at the bathroom, 'Captain!'

All the policemen headed to there, and Ferne was very nervous. He saw the organizer's face darken, and he turned around to run. Ferne didn't think too much, he just pushed the policeman in front of him and shouted in a loud voice, 'Freeze!'

Only then did the police react and arrested the organizer immediately.

The policemen in the bathroom finally came out. One of the policemen was holding a girl in his arms. She was blackened by smoke and covered her nose and mouth with a wet cloth. She was unconscious. The policemen checked her pulse and said in relief, 'She is still alive.'

Ferne opened his eyes wide in disbelief. The bathroom was the place where the fire broke out.

The man who made the plan was simply too bold.

It was undeniable that sometimes the most dangerous place was also the safest one. So, the arsonist set fire and sent the child to the bathroom when smoke was billowing. But what if the child died halfway?

He couldn't even imagine.

He even had a premonition that the person who made the plan had thought of the consequences as well, but he still did it. Why?

He wanted to use this plan to exterminate this organization.

‘Where are the other kids?’ The police pressed the organizer to the ground and asked angrily, ‘Where are the other kids?’

The organizer pretended to be innocent, and said, ‘What are you talking about? And who brought that child here? I have said that, children shouldn’t be brought to the party.’

A policeman couldn’t help but punch him. ‘Bastard!’

The organizer’s mask was shattered, and a feminine face was revealed. He had white skin and bloody red eye shadow. He looked like a vampire. He shouted, ‘How dare you hit me! What did I do? You hit me before I was convicted. I must file a complaint against you!’

What if the children had been transferred to other places?

What if the organizer refused to admit the crime? If the police investigated for half a month and found nothing, this matter would be left unresolved, and this person would still be released in the end!

Ferne was extremely anxious, and he saw a man who wore a silver mask following the policemen out of the bathroom. The man leaned against the wall and lit up a cigarette.

Suddenly, a policeman rushed in. ‘Captain! There is an accident in the front three cars, and in the back carriages of the two cars are girls.’ He gasped heavily and finally finished his sentence.

The organizer looked terrible. He couldn’t suppress his anger, and his face was extremely ferocious. He struggled to get up, but was pinned to the ground by the police.

Ferne immediately looked at the man who was leaning against the wall and smoking. He leaned his head against the wall and slowly spat out a mouthful of white mist. In a trance, Ferne saw him laughing.

‘No one is allowed to leave!’ The policeman shouted, ‘Follow me to the police station to take a statement!’

This was a big case in City Y. It was related with several cases of girl’s disappearance. If this case could lead to the resolutions of a series of unresolved cases, then it was really worth it for them to stay up for most of the night.

Ferne walked to the side and made a gesture to the captain. It was an internal gesture of the police, which was invented by Ferne.

The captain glanced at him and then said coldly, ‘You! Stop! What’s your name?’

He walked to Ferne and looked him up and down. Ferne said, ‘It’s me, Ferne Dalton.’

The captain’s expression changed. He asked the police seriously to take other people away. Then, he said to Ferne, ‘What’s going on? Why are you here?’

‘It’s hard to explain. You guys leave the person wearing the silver mask here.’ Ferne looked obedient, but he said very quickly, ‘A girl has died. Please check if there is any new soil outside.’

‘Who?’ The captain was shocked. He looked around and ordered, ‘Hurry up! Or you can’t have breakfast!’

‘The one leaning against the wall and smoking a cigarette.’

The captain looked around again and finally found the person. After he withdrew his gaze, he lowered his voice and said, 'Please tell me something so that I can leave him for you. What if he is an important witness?'

'If I'm not mistaken, he was the mastermind who set the fire and called the police. He was the one who saved others.' Ferne lowered his head and said very quickly, 'If someone finds out the truth, do you think he will live?'

'What if he knows something else...?' The captain didn't want to leave the man behind. If the man was really the planner, then he might know more. Perhaps the captain could dig out the entire industrial chain with the help from this man.

Ferne knew what he was thinking and said, 'Leave him to me and I will ask him.'

The captain pondered for a moment. Then he pointed at Rodney and shouted angrily, 'You! Come here! What's your name?'

Rodney slowly finished smoking. He walked over unsteadily, as if he was drunk.

Most of the people were taken away, leaving only Ferne and Rodney in the hall, as well as the other police officers and the captain who were still searching.

The captain handcuffed Ferne and Rodney, and then ordered a policeman, 'Get them out!' He whispered something to the policeman cautiously. The policeman immediately looked up at Ferne, and then lowered his head to accept the order. He even pretended to push Ferne fiercely and said, 'Get in the car quickly!'

When Ferne came out, he saw that the group of people had been taken away by the car. The policeman even lectured them in the car.

Ferne saw the car had gone. He turned around and pressed down on the policeman. He took the key and uncuffed himself and Rodney.

Rodney didn't expect that, so he raised his eyes to look at Ferne in surprise, 'What ... are you doing?'

A policeman's voice came from behind the villa, 'Captain! I found them!'

Ferne stopped there and looked in the direction. He thought about the girl's last glance at him, and his heart tightened. He took off his mask, fell silent for a moment, and bowed in that direction.

'Follow me.' He threw the handcuffs to the policeman, shouted at Rodney, and then walked towards his car.

Rodney hesitated for a moment and followed him.

'How much do you know?' As soon as they got in the car, Ferne looked at Rodney and said, 'Tell me and we leave.'

Rodney sat in the passenger seat. His legs were too long to stretch out, so he bent his legs slightly. When he heard Ferne's words, he turned his head and said, 'What if I don't tell you?'

'It doesn't matter.' Ferne shrugged, 'If you don't tell me, more girls will die next time.'

Rodney sneered, and said bluntly under the mask, 'That girl died because of you.'

Ferne looked terrible because Rodney was right, and he couldn't refute it.

'If you just left her squatting in the corner with that group of people, she wouldn't have died.' 'But you made the stupidest decision. You took her with you.'

Ferne looked straight ahead, and Rodney continued, 'You didn't save her, but sent her to the hell!'

Ferne exhaled. This was the first time he realized all the explanations were in vain. He could not apologize to the dead girl.

'Who are you?' After a long time, Ferne asked in a hoarse voice.

Rodney took off his mask, then slowly took off the ring on his hand and said to Ferne, 'Start the car.'

This was the first time that Ferne had been ordered in a commanding tone by a man of the same age other than Vincent. He was a little unhappy, but he obediently started the car and drove out.

He glanced at Rodney every once in a while and felt as if he had seen Rodney somewhere before. As a hotel owner, he saw countless people every day and kept them in his mind. However, at this moment, he couldn't remember where he had seen Rodney.

At three in the morning, it was still dark. The lights in the carriage shone on that person's face, making him look young and tough. His eyebrows were thick. He was handsome and manly. He tilted his head, and the broken eyebrows on his right showed some sharpness.

If Emily was here, she would definitely recognize this person. His name was not Rodney, but Noah.

‘Focus on the road! I don’t want to die yet.’ He said in a low voice.

Ferne immediately looked at the road ahead. After a moment, he finally couldn’t help but say, ‘I have another question.’

Before Noah spoke, Ferne hurriedly asked, ‘Was the girl unconscious or awake when she was taken to the bathroom?’

He knew that if the girl was in a coma, it would be noticeable if an adult carried her inside. However, if the girl ran in spontaneously, then ... another person would even have a chance to run out.

Could a girl run in spontaneously?

Was this possible?

Noah gave him the answer in the next second as if to confirm the possibility.

‘She was awake.’

Ferne frowned and asked, ‘If she couldn’t help but run out, wouldn’t your plan be a failure? Were you so relieved to do that?’

Noah knitted his eyebrows and said, ‘Our entire plan was for her.’

‘What?’ Ferne opened his mouth and was shocked.

‘Goodbye.’ Noah looked at Ferne. His lips curled up slightly, and a dimple appeared on his cheek.

Before Ferne could figure out what he wanted to do, he opened the door and jumped out of the car in front of Ferne.

Ferne stopped his car, got off and took a look. It was dark, and there was no sound other than the bird's cry.

When he returned to the car, there was a silver mask on the passenger seat, as if to remind him that the person who had just jumped off the car was not Iron Man or Spider-Man, but an ordinary person wearing a mask.

The first sunlight shone through the curtains.

Emily was sweating heavily on the arena. She was dressed in a white martial arts uniform, and she can pose very standard gestures now. The strength and angle of her punches were also quite accurate. She also learned to use her own advantages to carry out perpetual or instant attacks.

When the Guards fought against her, they only circled around and occasionally punched by her as sandbags. But when Rex fought with Emily, he helped her with practicing attack and defense. After all, Rex was a rigorous man, who wouldn't flatter her.

The Guards thought they were sneered at.

However, when Vincent came to join them, things tended more interesting.

Vincent stood behind Emily, bent down and pressed his back against her. He wrapped her fist and punched at Rex quickly and accurately.

Rex was at loss for what to say.

They were simply teasing at him.

‘Stand firmly, tighten your waist and abdomen.’ Vincent’s hands put on her body. Emily was a little bit distracted, thinking that the warmth of his hands almost melted her.

‘What are you thinking about?’

Vincent said closely to her ears. Emily felt a tingle shuddered through her body. She trembled and shrugged her shoulders. His breath made her ears itched, but she couldn’t scratch as her hands were held by Vincent. She could only look at him with her big wet deer-like eyes. But as she turned her head, her lips touched his cheek slightly.

They were so close, and their breaths were mixed together.

The Guards at the side covered their eyes and opened their fingers to see secretly. But Rex turned around very gentlemanly. Seeing that the Guards were still watching, he even kicked them for reminding.

Vincent held her head and turned it around. He patted her hair lightly and said, ‘Focus.’

‘Alright.’ Emily obediently looked ahead and posed an attacking gesture.

However, Vincent saw that her ears were as red as blood. He chuckled and kneaded her earlobes, ‘If someone attacks you from behind, what would you do?’

He said as if he was doing something serious. The Guards couldn’t stay anymore, and Rex even got off of the stage hurriedly.

At first, Emily was still itching and wanted to dodge. But as long as she heard that it was a test, she immediately held one of his arms with both hands and knocked him fiercely with her elbow. Vincent bent down with her movements. Emily then lifted him up and prepared to give him a

shoulder throw. However, Vincent stood so firmly that she could not move him at all. She could only give a low kick to his underparts.

Emily almost kicked him. After dodging, he asked with a dark face, 'Who taught you this?'

Emily blinked and said, 'Rex.'

At that moment, Rex was drinking water. Hearing this, he spat out all the water he had just drunk.

He thought, 'What? It was the little Hulk who taught herself, okay?'

The little robot stood in the outer circle and transferred everything it saw to Trevor.

Emily finished bathing and changed her clothes. She was a little hungry after exercise, so she went downstairs to find something to eat. She happened to see Mr. Rolando sitting in the garden feeding the goldfishes.

There was an embedded fish pond at the entrance of the Scavo's. People could walk on it, and the fish were swimming under the glass. There was only a little exit in the garden for people to feed the fish. Mr. Rolando was nest on the soft sofa. He was enjoying the sunshine, listening to music, and sprinkling bread crumbs in his hands.

The butler also held up a sun umbrella and placed sunflower seeds and tea on the table.

Seeing this, Emily only wanted to sigh, 'When I get old, I will live a leisure life like this!'

'Hey, Emily, come here,' Rolando looked up and saw her, then he immediately waved to her, 'Are you hungry?'

Emily nodded embarrassedly.

Rolando was very happy to have a chance feed her. He said to the butler, 'Let the maids cook black-bone chicken soup for Emily, and mutton for Vincent.'

Emily said, 'Thank you Rolando, but I'll just have a piece of bread.'

It just so happened that there were some pieces of bread on the table. Emily took two slices and left without looking back though Rolando was calling.

Rolando sighed, 'The bread is for the fish. Will she like it?'

Emily, who had just taken a big bite of bread, was frozen.

She immediately spat it out.

And the little robot besides her stretched out to take a napkin from somewhere, and carefully handed it to Emily.

Emily took the napkin and thanked it, then she asked, 'How could I send you there?'

The robot didn't say anything, just tilted its head and looked at her, as if it was trying to understand the meaning of her words.

At this moment, Harold called. Emily walked to the bathroom and answered, 'What happened?'

'Beverly went to the company.' Harold said.

Emily paused for a moment and said, 'Not surprisingly. Now, just keep an eye on Christy. Beverly will definitely contact her to talk about

investment. Also, the people behind Christy have not shown up. It's best to keep an eye on her.'

'Okay.'

The little robot suddenly said, 'Photo, address.'

Emily was stunned for a while before realizing that it was the answer to her last question. She immediately said to Harold, 'Send me Christy's photo and address.'

'Do you want to arrange others to keep an eye on her?' Harold asked.

Emily lowered her head to look at the robot and smiled, 'Yes, it's a little guy.'

Not long after hanging up the phone, Harold sent over the address and photo. Emily put the photo and address in front of the little robot, then read the address again.

'Do you remember? Trevor.' She asked softly.

The little robot spoke after a long time, and its voice was still that of a young boy. 'It's called Eleven. It's my eleventh work.'

Emily squatted down in surprise. 'If you can talk to me through the robot, does that mean you can see me?'

The robot nodded slowly.

'Then please help me keep an eye on someone. It's the girl in the photo. If she wants to go out, please remind me.' After she finished speaking, she also rubbed the little robot's head like Vincent did.

The little robot dodged her stiffly. Its mechanical fingers scratched its head. Later, the young boy said, 'I ... am elder than you.'

'Really? I didn't see you before. I thought you were younger than me.'

Emily only wanted to let him to say more, but the little robot stopped talking after she finished. After a while, he said, 'Positioning succeeds, let's go.'

Emily watched as the little robot shrank its legs and arms. Then, it flew up and flew out of the window.

She stood there and watched for a while, then walked into the room next to study room. It was time to study next. She had to grow up quickly so that she could have enough power to protect her family.

Rex and Vincent were in the study room.

Rex closed the curtains and asked, 'Mr. Vincent, Eleven flew away. Shall I let someone follow it?'

'No.' Vincent looked at the screen, 'If it is caught, it will activate the self-destruct function.'

'Then Mr. Trevor's efforts will be ruined.' Rex said with regret.

Vincent paused for a moment, then raised his head to glance at Rex, 'At present, its disguise and tracking tasks never failed.'

Rex was surprised, 'Then I'll borrow one from Mr. Trevor another day.'

Vincent took a small round mirror on the table and threw it into Rex's hand, and let him to look in the mirror.

Rex was confused.

What ?

What happened to his handsome face ? Rex looked in the mirror, didn't understand what Vincent meant.

The Guards were shocked and thought, 'How brazen Mr. Vincent is!'

Things happened in the Britt Group.

Beverly was dressed like an office lady, walking into the hall with her head held high. The receptionist was new here, and had never seen Beverly before. She stopped Beverly and asked, 'Excuse me, may I ask who you are looking for ? Do you have an appointment ?'

Beverly looked at her badge and said, 'Linda, right ? You're fired.'

'Why ?' The receptionist was dumbfounded.

'I'm Mr. Britt's wife. You can call me Mrs. Britt, or Ms. Beverly. Anyway. None of these matters.' Beverly put on her sunglasses, 'Because you are fired.'

Tears rolled down Linda's cheeks. She just worked here for several days. When the general manager interviewed her, he praised her for having a friendly smile and being very suitable for this position. She was also very satisfied with her salary. Adding on the fact that the company was close to her rented apartment, she thought that she could settle down. However, she was fired just because she did not recognize the boss's wife. Those few days of work would definitely not count as her salary. Thinking about this, she cried out in grievance.

Maury didn't go home last night. Beverly cooked porridge and asked Susan to cook a lot of dishes, and packed them in food boxes and brought over. In the office, Maury had gotten up. He was calling the factory to confirm the progress. He then called the customer and promised that he would complete all the orders on time.

After hanging up, he didn't even have time to greet Beverly. The phone in his office rang. Maury was about to answer when he saw Beverly pick up the phone. Although she hadn't come to the company for a long time, she still remembered what she learned. It was the director of the marketing department called to ask when the new product would be shipped, because the customer waited to see the sample.

Beverly replied calmly, 'Tell him that the sample that just came out has been took by other customers who booked it in advance. Tell him to wait for a moment.'

In fact, the factory had just delivered the goods, but Maury did not say anything. From another perspective, what Beverly said would stimulate the customers' desire to buy, rather than repeatedly explaining that the goods were already on the way. If the customers were to be impatient, they might lose an order.

Beverly put down the phone and put the food box on the table. She opened the box and placed it on the table. Then, she poured out a bowl of soup and said to Maury, 'Go wash your hands and have your meal.'

Maury was exhausted. Since there was delicious food for him, he sat down immediately without washing his hands. He took a big sip of the soup and exhaled, 'It's been a long time since I've eaten a good meal last time.'

Beverly walked behind him and massaged his shoulders, 'Don't be too tired. The whole family is still counting on you.'

Maury enjoyed himself comfortably for a moment, and his disgust towards Beverly decreased. She was just a woman stay at home. It was unavoidable that she would be short-sighted and do something wrong. He should leave the past in the past.

After he finished, Beverly pushed Maury to the inner room to rest. 'Go rest for a while. I'll take care of the rest.'

Maury was still a little worried. He watched as Beverly answered the phone with ease. Then, the assistant came in with the list to check. She also looked carefully. There were some mistakes that Maury did not notice, but she picked them up.

Until noon, Maury finally couldn't hold on and went into the inner room to rest.

Beverly asked Susan to cook and send the dishes to the company. Then, she brought the food into the Finance Department and greeted the accountants and assistants here.

As soon as she went back to the CEO's Office, Maury asked her with a cold face, 'What are you doing in the Finance Department?'

Beverly was stunned for a moment, and then she smiled and said, 'Don't be so scary. Susan brought some fruits. I gave some to the employees, and I casually walked around and went in since there were employees. I didn't notice that I entered the Finance Department.'

Maury saw bananas and apples on the tables of the marketing department through the surveillance cameras. His expression became better slightly,

‘Don’t run around. A general manager’s wife shouldn’t go to the employees’ office.’

‘What the company needs the most now is humanistic care. If you don’t care about the employees, why would they want to work for you? Who would be so devoted to you and the company? Isn’t it because of their affection for the company?’ Beverly said reasonably and put the lunch on the table, ‘Take a break and go have your lunch.’

Maury was pushed onto the sofa by her. Seeing that Beverly had taken over the work he was doing just now, he stood up and said, ‘Come and eat together.’

Beverly looked at the document, ‘No need, you eat first. I’ll eat after you finish.’

Maury looked at Beverly while eating. He suddenly remembered that he was attracted by Beverly’s earnest work at that time. Now, after so many years, she didn’t change at all. Once it came to work, she would work hard to complete it.

Beverly sensed his gaze and sneered in her heart.

From the morning till now, the documents she had seen did not contain the subsidiary agreement that the man wanted. This meant that Eliot had signed the agreement. The two parties had reached an agreement, and the contract immediately came into effect. There was no way they could change it anymore.

There was another weird thing.

Logically speaking, the company should go through a very difficult time, but instead of producing the goods according to the order quantity, the

factory was working around the clock producing twice the quantity exceeding the order quantity.

Was someone else also wants the goods ?

But why it was not reported in the account ?

Just now, she went to the Finance Department and she hurriedly glanced at the Financial Controller's computer screen. She saw that there was a new remittance record on it. The remittance amount was relatively large, and it was sorted as income. The Financial Controller also marked it red and bold.

Because it was too conspicuous, Beverly noticed it at a glance. But she did not have time to look at the remitter. She only confirmed that the money belonged to the company's income, and immediately looked other side.

At this moment, she was staring at the new market research report, but her mind was distracted. That remittance amounted to 30 million yuan. The Britt Group never had such a large order.

Moreover, the factory did not add larger orders. What was the purpose of this remittance ?

Beverly frowned and pondered. Maury looked at her from afar and felt even more relieved. He only felt that although Beverly treated Emily a little badly, she was still useful.

If Beverly knew what Maury was thinking about, she would probably laugh out loud.

After Maury finished his meal, he felt he was unusually sleepy. He fell asleep on the sofa in a daze. He was probably too tired, he thought.

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Jaquan had only slept for three hours before he was woken up by the alarm clock. Although he really wanted to stay in bed, he still remembered that he had said yesterday afternoon that he would go back to the company.

He had to get up and went into the bathroom to wash up.

After wiping his face clean, he turned around and saw a person sitting on the toilet.

The two of them looked at each other for a moment. Jaquan remembered that there was a stranger at his home. He looked quickly away and said in panic, 'Damn, are you a ghost? Why aren't you making a sound?'

Emma didn't want to explain. Seeing Jaquan enter with his eyes closed, she thought that he was sleepwalking and didn't dare to make a sound.

Jaquan walked out of the bathroom hurriedly, his heart still beating violently. He patted his chest and exhaled.. Gosh, it almost killed him just now.

With this shock, his drowsiness completely disappeared.

He changed his clothes and put on his wristwatch. Then, he thought of something, 'You...'

It is rude for him to ask her what she wanted for breakfast outside the bathroom, but he didn't know when she was going to leave, so he took out 200 and put it on the table. 'I'm leaving, the breakfast, it is up to you. Close the door on your way out,' said he.

There was no sound coming from the bathroom. Jaquan knocked on the bathroom door worriedly. 'Hey, make a sound. Are you still alive?'

Emma answered and added, 'I heard you.'

Before Jaquan closed the door, he thought silently. If he didn't look at that face, just listening to her voice it was indeed quite pleasant, especially the sound just now...

Jaquan suddenly and fiercely hit the wall, causing his palm to hurt. Only then did he stop thinking like a lunatic just now. He must be insane.

'If that idiot Collin knew about this, he must mock me.'

Thinking of that, Jaquan immediately gathered his spirits, scratched his hair, and left home, putting on the most handsome face in the world.

Emma came out when she heard the door closed. Having been lame and irregular period, she was almost paralyzed on the toilet.

The wall supported her and she walked back to the guest room step by step. She thought about sleeping for a while, calling Stony, and then taking a taxi back...

Then she fell asleep.

By the time she woke up, it was already at noon. She was almost bouncing up, but she seemed to have remembered that her leg was lame, so she failed and tumbled off heavily on the bed.

She got off the bed barefoot and did not realize that there was a trace of blood left on the bed until she was about to fold the quilt.

She frowned as she looked at the bed, and remove the sheets and quilt covet with lame leg, then she limped to the washing machine with the sheets and quilt cover.

However, just as she unfolded the sheets, wanting to scrub the blood-stained piece alone, Emma dully sensed the presence of another person at home. She looked up and saw a well-maintained middle-aged woman in an apron looking at her with a smile.

‘Are you awake?’

Emma nodded, ‘Yes, good day.’

Was this a cleaner? Jaquan seemed to have said something before he left. At that time, she could not hear it clearly. Now that she thought about it, Jaquan might have called a lady to cook for her?

The lady quickly walked over and took the sheets from Emma’s hands. ‘Put them here, let me wash them.’

Seeing the blood stains on the bed sheet, the lady more brightly.

Emma smiled at her a bit awkwardly, ‘Thank you.’

She did not like to smile, so every time she smiled, it was sincere.

The lady’s eyes were filled with joy. She discovered that Emma’s leg was bandaged, ‘Oh, what happened to your leg?’

‘Nothing, a slight injury.’ said Emma casually. She glanced at the coffee table and saw two hundred yuan. It should be the taxi fare Jaquan had left her.

‘Oh, don’t move if you’re injured,’ the very warm-hearted lady directly helped Emma onto the sofa and asked, ‘Are you tired?’

Emma was a little confused, ‘Huh?’

The lady immediately patted her lips and said with a smile, 'Oh no, I mean, are you hungry?'

Emma found it a little strange, and she always felt that this lady was too being too kind.

She looked at the clothes hanging on the balcony. It should be dry, so she said, 'I'll just eat out.'

'Why eat out,' said the lady with some dissatisfaction, and smiled at Emma again. 'I came here today to cook for you and Jaquan.'

She took a few steps to the kitchen and opened the double-door refrigerator. 'Look, the refrigerator is full. I'll cook anything you want.'

It was indeed a lady for cooking.

Emma was relieved.

'What would you like to eat?' The lady asked, 'do you like fish soup? I made it.'

Emma nodded, 'OK. Anything is fine.'

Emma limped to the bathroom and changed the towel used for the period. Then, she packed up the garbage, brought it to the doorway, and decided to take it away when she left. When the lady saw that, she smiled and said, 'Just leave it there. I'll do it.'

Emma did not say anything. She only politely smiled with a closed lip at the lady. She felt there was no need to trouble a nanny for such a trivial matter.

When Emma sat on the dining table, she realized that beside the soup, the lady had prepared a hearty meal. There were a total of ten dishes.

‘Have a sip of soup first.’ The lady handed a large bowl of soup to Emma and said, ‘it’s a little scalding.’

Emma took it over. ‘Thank you.’

‘Oh, you’re quite welcome,’ The lady joyfully looked at her and said ‘how does it taste?’

‘Delicious.’ Emma was indeed thirsty. She drank more than half a bowl in one sip. The soup was boiling hot, and it just happened to warm her cold belly. She drank almost up in one sip. Before she put down the bowl, the lady took over her bowl. ‘Drink more if you like it. All this is yours.’

Emma, ‘...’

Afterwards, auntie picked up for her, ‘Eat more of this dish, it’s to supplement iron.’

Emma nodded, ‘Thank you, you may eat too and leave me alone.’

Emma was not the kind of person who would flatter others, so it might be felt whether she was sincere or hypocritical. The lady had a more favorable impression on her.

The lady wanted to ask something, but she didn’t dare to ask anymore. She could only keep picking up the dishes and then ask, ‘Is it delicious?’

After obtaining Emma’s positive answer, the lady could be happy for a long time, and she didn’t take the food.

Emma hesitated to pick up the food for her. The lady ate with a smile and stuffed a large mouthful of rice.

After they finished their meal, Jaquan returned home. Seeing that Emma hadn't left, he asked, 'You are still here?'

'Brat, what are you talking about?' The lady stood up and tugged at Jaquan's arm, pretending to be angry. In fact, she was beaming as she said, 'Good job! No one found out! You are truly my good son!'

Jaquan, '???'

He looked back at Emma blankly, then at his mother, a little confused, 'Mom, what are you saying?'

Just as Emma heard Jaquan called the lady as mother, Emma, who was drinking water over there, choked.

She should have known that.

Mrs. Cox hurriedly walked over to Emma and patted her shoulder, 'Be careful.'

Emma drank another mouthful of water and moistened her throat before saying, 'Mrs. Cox, you misunderstood. I'm just here to crash.'

'Crash?' Mrs. Cox looked at her in confusion.

Emma took the opportunity to explain, 'My leg is injured. Your son kindly took me in. Actually, he doesn't know me.'

'Bring you back when he doesn't know you?' Mrs. Cox looked at her son suspiciously, 'Is he so kind?'

Jaquan, '...'

What the hell! Why did they think like that?!

Mrs. Cox still didn't believe it and grabbed Jaquan to the washing machine. 'Then, how to explain the blood?'

'What blood?' Jaquan looked blank.

Mrs. Cox directly pressed Jaquan's head against the sheet and said, 'That's it! Don't you want to be responsible after sleeping with the girl? I warn you, Jaquan, there's never been anyone like you in our family. If you dare to bully a little girl. I will beat the shit out of you!'

Jaquan was very confused, '???'

Jaquan limped over and weakly interrupted, 'That ... it is my period blood.'

Mrs. Cox, '...'

Jaquan, '....'

The three of them sat down at the dining table again.

'So you're not his girlfriend?' Mrs. Cox asked sullenly.

Lowering her head, Emma answered, 'I'm sorry.'

She had no idea about why she had to apologize, but she felt guilty when confronting Mrs. Cox.

Jaquan was literally speechless when he got everything clear. 'Mom, are you serious? How much do you want me to have a girlfriend!'

‘Shut up.’ Mrs. Cox was furious. After packing up, she took the key and turned around to leave. Walking through the hallway, she saw the garbage bag that Emma had packed. Mrs. Cox thought Emma was really the best girl she had met in the recent years. Thus she turned around to look at Emma. ‘Miss, if you want to have fish soup, welcome to come here. I would like to cook for you.’

It might be hard for anyone else to refuse Mrs. Cox’s kind hospitality.

But Emma shook her head and said, ‘Sorry to disturb you. I won’t make you trouble again.’

Jaquan poked her in the elbow and said, ‘Can’t you just say yes? She would go away once you said yes. Now she’ll start to preach at us.’

Emma’s honesty impressed Mrs. Cox even more. She glowered at her son and then went away closing the door.

Jaquan asked in surprise, ‘Has she left?’

Emma limped to the balcony to take her clothes that she had hung out last night. It was cold now, so the clothes hadn’t dried last night. Before Jaquan left this morning, he put her clothes on the top of the clothes horse.

Emma could not reach it with one foot, so Jaquan came over to help. In order to avoid him, Emma moved to one side. Jaquan also stood farther from her so that he wouldn’t touch her. But they moved to the same direction simultaneously and as a result, Jaquan stepped on Emma’s foot. With the other foot injured, Emma fell backwards. At the same time, Jaquan was about to fall onto her. Emma cried.

Jaquan hurriedly propped himself up on his hands and protected her head at the same time. He didn’t hit into her for his shoulders were braced.

They met each other's gaze like they survived from some disaster.

At the moment, Mrs. Cox happened to come back inside for taking the garbage bag. She just could see them from where she stood.

She saw her son almost kiss on Emma's lips.

Mrs. Cox didn't say anything.

Taking the garbage bag with her, she closed the door and left.

Jaquan didn't get any opportunity to explain.

Holy shit! Mom, it's not what you saw! No--

Emma pushed him and said, 'Get up.'

Jaquan got up and sat on the side helplessly. Then he looked Emma up and down. 'Why did she think you are my girlfriend?'

Emma did not respond. She took the rack to get her clothes. Jaquan stood up from the ground and jumped up to help her. The edge of his shirt floated up, revealing the four packs underneath which looked charming.

He took off her clothes and handed it to her, 'Here you are.'

Emma said yes and went to the bathroom to change her clothes. When she came out, Jaquan had already had his meal. They walked to the entrance together.

Instead of doing the dishes, Jaquan just left them in the sink. Emma looked at them but forced herself to ignore. She didn't have any shoes. Jaquan found a pair of socks for her and gave her a pair of sneakers. She

sat on the small stool and put on the shoes. When she limped out of the room, Jaquan was still standing at the door.

‘Are you leaving now?’ He asked.

Emma nodded.

Jaquan looked at her and said, ‘I have a golf club at home. Do you want to use it as a cane?’

‘No, thanks.’ Emma leaned against the wall and said, ‘I take the two hundred yuan on the table.’

‘Then? Nothing?’ Jaquan looked at her strangely. ‘I thought you would say you will give it back later.’

‘I’ll return it to Mr. Armando.’

‘Holy shit, why?’ They walked to the elevator and Jaquan pressed the button. When he heard that, he was outraged immediately. ‘He left you to me after he sent you to the hospital. You ate in my house and now you wear my socks and sneakers. And the 200 is also mine. So why do you want to give him the money? Plus you even dirtied my bed sheets!’

As soon as the elevator came down and the door opened. There were four or five people standing in the elevator. Hearing this, they couldn’t help but look Emma and Jaquan up and down with a curious look.

Emma was stunned.

She turned around.

It was the first time Jaquan saw Emma give in to him. He supported her shoulders and pushed her into the elevator. 'Don't be embarrassed, come in.'

Emma was speechless.

As the elevator went down, the people in the elevator still stared at Emma and Jaquan. Emma was so embarrassed that she wanted to cover their eyes with cloth.

Jaquan gave a smug smile.

Then an old lady entered the elevator. Jaquan took a few steps back, but Emma didn't move. The old lady walked in and stood beside her. She looked at Emma and turned to see Jaquan. As she knew him, so she smiled and asked, 'Go to work?'

Jaquan nodded, 'Yes, where are you going?'

The old lady answered, 'I am going to the park and doing some exercises.'

Almost everyone else in the elevator knew each other. They all greeted to the lady. Emma was the only one that the old lady didn't know. She asked her, 'Which floor are you on?'

Emma did not respond. She looked at Jaquan.

Jaquan was nervous.

What did she mean?

It seemed like the old lady understood. ‘Are you on the same floor with Jaquan? Are you new? I know all people on that floor. Which room do you live?’

Emma still turned to look at Jaquan.

Jaquan was stunned.

The old lady understood. She laughed and said, ‘Do you live together? No wonder you have stood together. You are a perfect match for each other.’

Jaquan was awkward, ‘I’m just joking. I don’t even know her.’

The others in the elevator gazed at Jaquan at once.

Jaquan was so helpless.

He almost forgot, they saw them come down together!

The elevator finally stopped on the first floor. Emma limped forward. The old lady reached out to help her, but she rejected. ‘Take care of yourself. I’m okay with this.’

She smiled and said, ‘That’s right. You have Jaquan with you’

Jaquan had no way but to help Emma.

He was obliged to support her out of the elevator. It was at noon, so many office workers had witnessed the scene. They talked to him, ‘Congratulations.’

Jaquan didn’t understand.

Were they blind? It was nothing deserved congratulations.

Finally, he helped her to the side of the road and hailed a taxi. Then, he pushed her into the car and waved his hand. 'Toodles!'

Emma called him.

Jaquan clicked his tongue and turned around to say, 'There's no need to say thank you. I know I'm a good man. I always help others.'

Emma stretched out her hand from the back window and said. 'It was the money. The driver said it will cost 300 yuan. Just lend me another 100 yuan.'

Jaquan was annoyed.

He never wanted to meet this woman again in his life.

'Ouch...!' Noah pulled back his arm. 'Be gentle, Christy.'

Christy pressed the disinfectant cotton ball on his forearm, 'You deserve it! What were you thinking? You think you're a Superman? You jumped out of the car! The person in the car didn't hurt you, why did you jump out of the car?'

'Weren't I worried that he fell in love with me and took me home?' Noah blew his arm, because when he jumped out of the car, his arm acted as a cushion, but was hurt by a rock and a large piece of skin was rubbed off.

'I'm so worried, but you still have the mood to joke!' Christy patted him angrily.

‘Alright, alright. Didn’t I come back safe and sound?’ Noah opened his arms to her. His other forearm was injured, so he just raised it up and said, ‘Come here, and give me a hug.’

Christy avoided his injured forearm and hugged his neck. ‘We did it.’

Noah was silent for a moment and he said, ‘No, one person died.’

‘What I’m talking about is this.’ Christy let go of him and took out her mobile phone. On the front page of the news, there was a breaking news–Shocking! People in a Party in City Y Were Arrested! What Happened?

After clicking on it, one could see that this news was only a gossip. The author did not know the real situation and listed all the reasons for his suspicion of them being arrested. However, in the comments, there was a revelation: There was\*\*\*\*\*. One had to pay to watch it.

Almost every minute, three to five people clicked on it. Christy also paid for it. She indifferently looked at it. ‘This is the second time. Can the police dig out where they live?’

‘Who knows?’ Noah took a puff of his cigarette and lay on the sofa. He stared at the crystal chandelier on the ceiling and thought absentmindedly.

‘Don’t think too much. If we hadn’t gone, none of them would have been saved.’ Christy continued to pick up ointment and apply it on his forearm. Then, she took out a bandage and wrapped it around his forearm gently.

‘I was just thinking that that person might interfere.’ Noah exhaled white smoke, his broken eyebrows were twisted, and Ferne’s face appeared in his mind.

‘You mean the owner of the Dalton Hotel?’ Christy looked at him unhappily, ‘So, why are you taking off your mask?’

Noah flicked his cigarette butt and said, ‘I am thinking that if I go to his hotel next time, I will get a free treat.’

‘Get lost.’ Christy left.

Noah didn’t let her participate in this thing, even though she was already a perfect Christy.

She knew that he was afraid what happened ten years ago would again.

Noah walked over and rubbed her head with his uninjured arm. ‘I know you want to catch all of them in one go. Don’t worry, I’m just thinking of a plan to kill two birds with one stone so that we won’t take the risk.’

‘You mean...’ Christy looked at him in confusion, ‘That person?’

‘Yes.’ Noah snapped his fingers, ‘Ferne, our next target.’

A gray leaf had fallen from the room. The leaf was firmly stuck to the wall and hidden under the curtains. If one looked carefully, one could tell that it was not a leaf, but a small robot in the shape of a leaf.

The little robot transmitted everything it saw to the other side of the pavilion because it had turned on the phone with Emily earlier. As a result, Noah’s conversation was transmitted to Trevor’s computer word for word.

Trevor raised his head from the blanket and felt at a loss when he heard a familiar name. He saved all the pictures and voices he had just received, and then clicked the button of playback.

For some reason, he seemed to be stunned for a moment, and then he turned up the female voice he heard.

He seemed to have heard this voice before...

\*\*

Before Emily could confirm whether it was the the Buckleys who attacked his eldest brother, she heard the news that Marquise had been punched—Marquise was in the hospital. Someone had lured away the bodyguard at the entrance and punched Marquise who was heavily injured again, which sent him into the ICU.

At this time, Emily also got the surveillance video of Eliot being beaten up.

At that time, all the surveillance cameras were destroyed. There was only a remote surveillance camera that recorded the entire process of Eliot getting off the car and being beaten. Of course, it also included the scene of Kamron dragging him into a car.

History repeated itself.

When Kamron went to take Eliot away, he was mistaken for a black-clothed man, so he got a heavy punch. When Kamron brought Eliot to Emily, he got another straight punch.

It was already evening two days later when Emily saw the surveillance video.

She had just come out of the studio. Every time when the three old men came in, they forgot to teach their students. Instead, they were immersed in debates and thoughts. They often expressed their opinions and had fierce arguments from time to time.

At this time, Emily was always very quiet. She sat there quietly and remembered all the words the three old men had argued about. Regardless of whether they were useful or not, she remembered them first. She would think about them at the quiet night.

Today, she had handed in her 'homework'. The three old men asked for a picture to be drawn while listening in class. Today, Emily painted Mr. Rolando sitting in the garden feeding fish.

The three old men was jealous of him in the painting.

'Rolando is so good at enjoying himself!'

'There are fruits and melon seeds on the table! He's not afraid that his blood sugar gets raised!'

'He doesn't have diabetes...'

'I'm so angry! Look at him in the picture, he is so arrogant!'

'He is still so young in your painting. Is his skin so good recently?'

'It seems that he is indeed aging best among three of us...'

'He swims every day. Of course, his skin is good...'

While the three old people were discussing again, Emily took her phone to the bathroom and saw a video sent by Harold. Not long after her WeChat account was registered, only Harold and Sydnee were added to her contacts.

After watching the surveillance video, Harold sent another message-should I send Eliot home?

Emily called him, 'No, this will only be more suspicious. You just need to let the bodyguards protect him secretly. If the Buckleys dare to cause trouble, just ask the bodyguards to call the hospital security.'

'OK.'

Emily said, 'Is there anything ok with the company?'

Harold: 'No. Recently, Mr. Vincent has been off work early. He would occasionally come to the hospital and stay for a while.'

Emily: 'What about Elsie?'

Harold: 'There's nothing wrong with her lately. She goes to school as usual. She has not attended any parties. She goes home on time every day.'

'That is wrong.' Emily raised her head and looked at the mirror in front of the washstand. Her clothes were stained with some water colors. She wiped them with water, and her voice mixed with the sound of water. 'Pay attention to her.'

'OK.'

'How is Sydnee doing?' She asked.

'Very well.' Harold thought for a moment and then said, 'It's getting cold. Emily, take care of yourself. Don't catch a cold.'

Emily finally smiled, 'Thank you, you too.'

After hanging up the phone, she leaned on the washstand and washed her clothes. She didn't bring anything when she came over. The clothes were

all sent by Rex, and they fit very well. And some of the clothes' styles and colors were the same with Vincent's clothes.

Thinking of Vincent, she suddenly remembered what Rex whispered in her ear at the end of today's class, 'Vincent's birthday is coming soon.'

His birthday, what gift would she give him?

Recently, Vincent was buried in the company's affairs and rarely showed up at home. Emily only saw him on the arena in the morning. Every time she came in, he had finished practicing, covered in sweat. When he saw her, he would always land his big palm on her head.

She would dodge and then attacked the back of his neck. Vincent seemed to see through her and managed to dodge away. Then, he stretched out his long arm and held her in his arms. Emily's sneak attack had never succeeded since she kicked his balls.

Emily raised her foot and tried to step on his feet. While he was moving, she twisted her body, and slashed her palm like a knife. Of course, these were all fake moves to divert attention. The real move was to directly hit his neck artery with her other hand.

Vincent was delighted to see her movements. He struck down her wrist with one hand, then grabbed her other hand and pressed her body against the wall. He lowered his head and stared into her eyes.

The guards chose not to see this.

Rex remained silent.

'Not bad huh, that's some progress.' Vincent pinched Emily's earlobe. His palm was extremely hot, and everywhere he touched was all burning with heat.

Emily touched her hot earlobe and thought to herself, 'He's got some nice lips.'

They were so close that their breath intertwined.

She felt that what she was breathing the air he exhaled. It was cold and unique, with a mint and faint nicotine flavor, filling her entire body to form his unique aura.

Therefore she couldn't help but stare at his lips, and it made her thinking the scene of the two people kissing. She got shy. Every time Vincent reached out to pinch her earlobe, she only found that her earlobe was burning like fire. Later, she realized that Vincent should be making fun of her. Therefore, before Vincent could reach out to pinch her earlobe this time, she dared to stand on tiptoe to pinch his earlobe.

'Well, that makes two of us.' she said arrogantly.

Vincent was amused and immediately chuckled, 'What?'

As he smiled, his rolling Adam's apple and slender neck in a straight collar made her spellbound. He tilted his head slightly, revealing his sexy curved lower jaw and thin sliced lips.

Emily had probably been being with the guards for too long these days and thought that all men looked very ordinary, but after seeing Vincent, she felt that he was the most handsome guy in the world.

Not even Eliot. (Sorry Eliot)

'Keep practicing and I'll check tonight.' This time, instead of touching her head, he lowered his head and dipped her lips. His voice was a little hoarse, 'And stop looking at me like that.'

Her hand was still on his earlobe, a posture that looked like two people snuggling in a corner and kissing each other to their heart's content.

Emily was stunned for a moment before letting go. Then, when Vincent turned around, he gently touched his lips.

Strangely, she seemed to be looking forward to his touch.

...

'What was I thinking.'

Emily shook her head. Ah, yes, Vincent's birthday. What birthday present was she going to get him?

Vincent didn't need anything, what can she get him?

'Miss Emily.' Outside the door came Rex's voice, 'There is a game tonight, are you coming to observe?'

Emily replied, 'Sure.'

What game?

Competition?

She rushed to the arena, and saw no one. When she walked towards the study, she saw a few guards and Rex sitting in a projection room.

They sat upright in their seats with 3-D glasses on their faces.

Seeing Emily enter, the guard waved to her, 'Come, this is reserved for you.'

Emily looked at the remaining dozen or so empty sofas and smiled awkwardly, ‘Appreciated.’

She found a seat to sit down, Rex handed her a pair of glasses, the guard brought milk tea and popcorn over.

Emily, ‘...’

She went to the cinema once. Eliot took her, he brought milk tea and popcorn as well. She was sitting at the front. That night, she almost cried her tears dry. After she came out, she cried out that she would never go to the cinema again.

However, this was not a movie.

‘It’s on! It’s on!’ The guards said excitedly.

The big screen in front of them was playing the match. Emily looked at it for a while and finally found someone familiar. It was Randy, Vincent’s brother. He was wearing a white team uniform and was sitting in front of a row of computers with other members. The camera pulled in front of him several times, and it could be seen that his expression was very serious.

A few of his team members were also very serious. It seemed that one of them wasn’t particularly serious. He was rotating a pen and occasionally looking out of the arena. Finally, a staff member came out of the arena with a cup of milk tea. In the crowd’s astonished gaze, the person in Randy’s team who wasn’t particularly serious stood up and took it.

‘...’

After a few seconds of silence, the barrage went crazy.

‘Holy crap! This is a competition! Why are you drinking the dam milk tea! It’s already picking heroes! You bastard!’

‘Do you think it’s in your house?! Do you know how much we bet on your team?! Pull yourself together!’

‘Forget about milk tea. Just tell me if you can win tonight.’

‘If you lose, then you’re finished.’

‘If you lose, stop drinking milk tea, drink my urine!’

‘That bastard must be bribed!’

‘If they lose this game, that bastard must be fired.’

‘ ??? ’

Because it was a live broadcast, after a few rolling comments, filthy comments were handled. And the camera was switch back to Randy’ team and their opponent.

Both sides were choosing heroes, but the team on this side was well-prepared. There was almost no dialogue. Each of them knew which lane they were going, so they chose heroes without hesitate. Then, they calmly waited for the other side to choose.

When the camera sliced into Randy’s team, it was unknown if the cameraman was deliberately targeting the teammate who drank milk tea. The entire camera shot locked at him. As he drank milk tea, he muttered something. The subtitles were followed up in real time below.

‘I’m hungry, and I want to eat a chicken wing...’

The barrage exploded again.

‘Holy crap! What the hell did you do before the game?!’

‘F\*\*\*\*\*!!!’

‘Calm down, don’t get excited. He’s new. Besides, the other old members are here. He should be a support.’

‘I hope he doesn’t drag Randy down.’

‘I hope so.’

One of Randy’s team chose to go top. When it came to Randy to pick, he looked at the one drinking milk tea and sighed as he chose a support.

The barrage went crazy again.

‘Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!’

‘WTF? What did Randy pick?!’

‘... support.’

‘The captain picked a support?! What the hell are they doing?!’

‘I don’t care. I’m going to refund the money! I’m out. I want my money back.’

After the opponent had finished picking, it was finally the last member of Randy’s team, Milk Tea Bro, to pick a hero. There were already a top, an AD Carry, a mid and a support.

Logically speaking, that Milk Tea Bro ought to play jungle. However, this bro seemed to be blind. He picked an AD Carry which couldn't take much damage. (Female role)

Randy's team was famous for not playing female roles, but he seemed to exist specifically to defeat this team.

Randy probably didn't expect it, and he was chocked. He even glared fiercely at Milk Tea Bro. Who knew that he would still turn the pen in his hand and occasionally lower his head to suck a mouthful of milk tea? How comfortable for him.

The barrage went insane.

'...'

'...'

'Kill me.'

Emily was at a loss. Rex beside her explained in real time. Plus the comments from the guards, she came to realize that this was a professional competition. Randy would participate in this competition. As long as he won the first place, he would receive a prize of five million yuan.

Wow, five million.

But the money was not as important as reputation.

'Why are they making these faces?' Emily asked.

Rex frowned and said, 'There are usually five players on a team, who are allocated into three paths. The top, mid and bot paths have been selected

by three players. The rest two players play jungle and support. It's all set. But they don't have a jungle.'

To make it easier for Emily, the guards added, 'It's just that there's an extra bot player but no jungle.'

Emily said vaguely, 'Then just let one bot player go jungle, is that ok?'

The others nodded heavily, 'This is the only way.'

'However, this person is new.' Rex added, 'We don't know his style, and I bet he has not fit in the team yet. The most important thing is teamwork, and few people dare to have a rookie to play professional games...'

Only then did Emily feel the tension here. The game had begun. As expected, Milk Tea Bro controlled his female Martial God and directly ran towards the rival's jungle. Alone!

The screen was bombarded with exclamation points, and the audiences were nervous.

'!!!!!!!'

'!!!!!!!'

'!!!!!!!'

'Damn it! I'm having a heart attack!'

On the other hand, their rival's jungle had his own support with him, while Randy followed his AD Carry. He did not follow this unreliable Milk Tea Bro. But Milk Tea Bro was alone in the enemy's jungle area. The support was probably worried that he would be slayed, so he finally decided to follow him.

However, before he could get there, he heard 'first blood'. Then, they found that Milk Tea Bro had already slain two enemies.

‘...‘

The barrage was filled with a series of ellipses. Rex and guards' eyes widened. After all, the camera was fixed on the support which Randy was playing, and they didn't see Milk Tea Bro. At this time, the host replayed the scene just now.

Everyone saw that the rival jungle and support was killing a creep, and was just about to take it down. Then Milk Tea Bro showed up and took it down before they could.

Then he hit level 2. Afterwards, he kept shooting at the rival jungle, who fought back together with his support. But he did not hold on for a few moments before dying. When the support saw that the situation was going wrong, he immediately turned around but was still slayed by Milk Tea Bro.

Milk Tea Bro bit the straw and smiled. Then, he swung his mouse, went to the bot lane and took all the line. Then, he flew to the mid lane and took all the line too. After successfully hitting level 4, he entered the enemies' jungle and killed all the creeps.

The mid and bot couldn't go to the jungle with him. However, Milk Tea Bro met the rival jungle and his support in the enemy's jungle. This time, the rival jungle didn't dare to fight him head-on. He just harassed Milk Tea Bro a few times before leaving. Thus, he watched as his own creeps were taken down by this shameless man. Before leaving, he attacked Milk Tea Bro.

As a person who didn't understand anything, Emily could only watch Rex and the guards' reactions and judge what was going on in the game.

Then she saw the guards and Rex went like this, 'Damn it! What the!'

Emily didn't know what was going on.

Were they losing?

Although she didn't understand the game, she still hoped that Randy would win because he was Vincent's brother.

She involuntarily took a sip of milk tea, then, someone suddenly grabbed her hand. She was so shocked that she trembled. She turned around and saw that it was Vincent. He was dressed in a pure black suit and walked in from the darkness. His sharp face slowly emerged from the darkness. His slender eyebrows slightly twisted above his cold eyes. He had just come back, and his body still carried a bit of coldness. The temperature of his palms was suitable. The screen light divided his face into two sides, one half dark and the other half light.

He sat beside Emily and looked at the screen before asking her, 'Can you understand?'

Emily shook her head, 'Not really.'

Vincent chuckled. His slightly curved lips could be seen in the dim light. 'I'll teach you.'

Emily nodded, 'Alright.'

The two of them sat there, Rex and the guards moved to the front row silently, afraid that the existence of the two would affect them watching the game.

Emily lowered her head and took another sip of milk tea. She saw that Milk Tea Bro had been controlling his champion and knew that he didn't die. She said, 'That guy's got something. He hasn't died.'

Vincent didn't care about others. He tilted his head and asked her, 'What are you drinking?'

'Milk tea.'

'Let me try some.' Vincent reached out to her.

Emily handed the milk tea over. Who knew that the big hand did not take her milk tea, but instead pulled her arm to the front and took off her glasses. He kissed her on the lips.

'Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!' The guards were screaming.

Emily heard heart beating wildly, she didn't know whose heart it was. She clenched the cup of milk tea in her hand tightly and her heart trembled when Vincent stuck his tongue between her teeth.

The lights were turned on.

The game was over.

'Mr. Randy won! OMG! That guy is awesome!' Emily was led out of his seat blankly, and she heard the guards shouting in her ears. 'I almost had a heart arrest when I saw the last scene. That guy went alone against 5 enemies!'

'Yeah, I thought they were gonna lose. All four of them are dead. Only he survived. I can't believe it! He did it! No, I want his autograph. What's his name again?!'

‘Lord Top.’

‘I remember that Mr. Randy’s ID was Top of the Tops?’

‘Oh, I smell affair.’

‘...’

Emily was brought to the dining table downstairs before she regained her senses from the kiss she had with Vincent.

‘Emily, what are you holding in your hand?’ Mr. Rolando smiled as he looked at the two holding hands. His grandson was not an outgoing boy, and he never thought that he had the chance to see his kid get married in his lifetime. And now, here they were.

Mr. Rolando was relieved.

Emily lowered her head and saw that the milk tea in her hand had already been squashed. Fortunately, she had almost drank it up.

Seeing the milk tea, she remembered the kiss in the shadows.

It was a lustful kiss.

It was hard to believe, but, indeed, she could truly feel Vincent’s desire from that kiss, his red eyes, his burning aura, and...

‘Eat.’ A voice interrupted her thoughts.

A small rib fell into her bowl, and Vincent’s voice was hoarse and magnetic, just like the whisper he had made when he had just kissed her.

Emily couldn’t help but look up at the other side.

When Vincent ate and worked, his expression was somewhat indifferent. She observed him and occasionally felt that he was a little cold. But these days, she saw him busy in the study, often working until the latter half of the night. He only slept two hours before getting up. Immediately, she felt that his other kinds of expression had been exhausted by work. Perhaps indifference was the most suitable expression for him.

Probably sensing her gaze, Vincent suddenly looked up at her. His eyes showed an inexplicable surge of emotions.

Emily immediately regained her senses. She picked up a pork rib with chopsticks. Her lips were still stained with his aura. She reached out and wiped her lips with all her strength before biting the rib.

The sound of gnawing on the ribs coincided with the sucking sound coming from her cochlea, forming a duet. From time to time, the duet rang in her mind and her ears gradually turned red.

When Vincent saw her blush scarlet, a faint smile lifted the corner of his mouth.

Rex considerately turned on the phone calendar and handed it to Vincent.

Vincent didn't know what he meant.

Rex pointed to New Year's Eve and then to the current date. He showed the number with his fingers. 'There are 73 days left. Mr. Vincent, hold on.'

'Get lost.'

Before Rex left, he showed Vincent the rainstorm warning on his phone.

'Mr. Vincent, there will be a rainstorm tonight.'

Vincent nodded and looked at Emily calmly. Emily was chewing on her ribs with her pink lips stained with oil. She looked up, thinking that Vincent had something to say to her. Her big eyes were clear, as if they were filled with boundless galaxies and sparkling stars.

Emily waited for a long time. But Vincent reached out and wiped the corners of her lips with a tissue.

Then he went into the bedroom on the third floor and never came out.

A sudden heavy rain fell during the night. Emily listened to the sound on the window and was somewhat distracted. She thought that it would be very beautiful to draw the rain.

Rex came in with milk and said to her, 'Mr. Vincent should go to bed early tonight. Miss Emily, good night. Don't stay up too late after reading.'

'Alright.'

Emily looked at the clock, finding that it was nine o'clock in the evening.

After she finished her homework, she did some research on stocks and noted down the recent gains and losses of the two stocks. Then, she turned off her computer and walked out of the study.

Three guards stood outside Vincent's room. They were holding blankets and medicine boxes in their hands. It looked like they were about to enter.

Emily asked in surprise, 'What happened to Vincent?'

The guards replied in unison, 'Nothing.'

Emily suspiciously wanted to follow, but the door was closed by the guards who filed in.

Just as she was about to go inside, she saw the door was opened and Rex was standing by it.

She asked, 'What's wrong with Vincent? Why did you take the medicine chest? Is he hurt?'

'No, Mr. Vincent just has a cold. He's afraid he'll infect you. After taking the medicine, he's gone to bed.' Rex said.

'Got it.'

Emily left doubtfully.

Why did Vincent suddenly catch a cold? He was fine during the meal.

Emily touched her lips. If he was afraid of infection, why did he kiss her so violently today?

After confirming that Emily left without looking back, Rex closed the door. The room was in total darkness, and the guards stood in the dark, blending into the night. Something in their hands emitted an ice-cold light.

Vincent was lying on the bed. The veins on his forehead and neck bulged, as if he was enduring great pain. His voice was hoarse. 'Retreat!'

'Miss Emily has left.' Rex whispered, 'Mr. Vincent, take an injection. You're in too much pain.'

'Take it away!' Vincent's expression was ferocious.

Rex had no choice but to wave at the guards. They looked at each other and finally left with the medicine chest in their arms.

The guards' hearts sank. On every rainy day, that scene would be on. They put the things back into the warehouse, stood there in a dull manner, and sighed.

Guard B said, 'We should have let Emily in.'

Guard A replied, 'What are you talking about?'

Guard D said, 'Mr. Vincent has his reason for being unwilling to take the injection. Doctors have said that relying on painkillers for a long time will produce side effects. Over time, he may lose his right leg.'

Guard B returned, 'But he took the injection readily on last rainy day. And last time at Tea Manor....'

Guard C explained, 'He just came back from abroad at that time and he was in a hurry to see Emily.'

Guard B said, 'If we had allowed Emily to go to his room this time, he would definitely get an injection.'

Guard C retorted, 'Can you catch us? It's not good to get an injection!'

Guard B said, 'Then do we have to watch him suffer like this?'

...

They fell silent.

A moment later, one of them said, 'Wait, that TCM doctor had been making up his prescription.'

‘Is it true that Emily said that Mr. Vincent would die?’ Guard B asked again.

No one answered him.

The crackling sound of the heavy rain falling on the windowpanes mixed with the rolling thunder in the distance. They seemed to be beating drums constantly so that people got irritated and felt uneasy.

At the corner, Emily stood there barefooted, staring blankly at the ground. Only when the thunder rang did she turn around and walk to her room, thinking of the night when Vincent came back.

Sitting beside the bed, he stared at her and asked, ‘Where’s my present?’

However, it turned out that he had to pay a price for his appearance.

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Hospital.

Eliot was reading on the hospital bed.

Elsie whispered, ‘Eliot, do you want some fruit?’

Eliot didn’t say anything, so Elsie didn’t disturb him anymore. She just sat quietly beside him.

She came over to talk to Eliot after class these few days. Then, she would stay until night and wait for Maury to take her home.

However, today, her father didn’t come but some policemen did.

‘Who is Eliot?’ A policeman pushed the door open and came in, looking at the person on the bed first.

Eliot closed the book. 'I am.'

The policeman winked at the person behind him. Two policemen went forward and cuffed Eliot on the hospital bed. Elsie shouted, 'Why are you arresting him? Let go of my brother!'

'Stop shouting.' The policeman brushed off the rain on the brim of the hat. 'Someone reported that you were suspected of intentional assault. He provided a diagnosis certificate issued by the hospital. It suggested he was seriously injured. We need to take you to the police station. Please cooperate.'

'Intentional assault?' Eliot laughed and said self-deprecatingly, 'I want to ask. Who else can I hurt given my current condition?'

Eliot had a splint on his neck, and his face was bruised. When he got out of bed, he seemed to be unable to stand normally and he needed to lean against the wall.

The policeman glanced at him and said, 'We only believe in evidence. The other party reported you and provided all kinds of evidence against you. No matter what, you have to go with us and cooperate with the investigation.'

'Alright.' Eliot said to Elsie, 'I'm fine. Tell Mom and Dad not to worry about me.'

Elsie was extremely anxious. 'Eliot!'

Eliot was carried out by two policemen. It was late at night, but the hospital hall was still packed with people. It was raining heavily outside. Eliot looked up at the dark sky. The sound of the rain was mixed with thunder. Lightning tore a hole in the sky, leaving the people below looking so pale.

Previously, Eliot was certain that Marquise was taking revenge on him. Eliot now had a second thought. Marquise had been injured by him. Even if he wanted to take revenge, he needed to recover from his injuries. How could he be so impatient? However, the police said that Marquise had been seriously injured. Eliot suspected that Marquise was acting. Marquise might ask his own people to seriously beat him so as to send Eliot into the police station.

Eliot couldn't figure it out.

He looked out of the window. Under the thunder and lightning, he saw something flying through the rain from afar. He was somewhat surprised to see it carefully, but it was so fast that it disappeared without a trace in the blink of an eye.

\*\*

At eleven o'clock in the night, the little robot flew back to the garret and charged itself.

Trevor got up and got off the bed barefoot. Because he had not seen the sun for a long time, his skin was morbid pale. He was slender. When he squatted down, one could see his backbone bulge.

He touched the little robot's head, and a burst of light flashed across the wall. Then, a series of images appeared.

It was afternoon.

Noah probably went out, and Christy was alone in the room. Wearing glasses, she was tapping on the computer. She leant on the chair and waited for a while. Then paper came out from the printer.

She took off her glasses, picked up a picture and blew it. Then, she walked to a wall and torn off a poster on it, revealing the pictures and colorful markings underneath. Then, she took out a pen and re-circled a name, Ferne.

She then pinned Ferne's picture to the wall.

After everything was done, Christy lay on the sofa and involuntarily fell asleep. In the afternoon, she fell into a nightmare. She revealed fear on her face and she went into convulsion as she straightened up. Then, she randomly grabbed something beside her. Having reached a cup on the coffee table, she smashed it onto the ground. The glass let out a crisp sound. She finally woke up with tears.

She trembled and walked to the computer. She picked up a cigarette and a lighter. After taking a puff of the cigarette, she seemed to be freed from her nightmare. She opened the window and bathed herself in the afternoon sunlight.

Her beautiful eyes were filled with many emotions, such as despair, sadness, hesitation and confusion.

Suddenly, she glanced at the little robot in the room. She probably didn't know why there was such a doll in this place, but she didn't care. She just glanced at it casually and took a few more puffs of cigarettes. After the smoke dissipated, she closed the window.

Noah came in with some food. Having found the broken glass in the trash can, he swept gazes over the coffee table and saw that the cup on it was missing. Then he went to check his cigarette case and found that a cigarette was missing as well. He walked up to Christy and asked, 'Did you have a nightmare?'

Christy did not deny it.

‘Have something.’ Noah took out the food and placed it on the coffee table.

Christy did not move.

Noah sighed and walked over to hug her. ‘It’s fine. It’s over.’

Trevor heard a noise and pressed the pause button.

‘Mr. Trevor, are you hungry? I am here to serve you some food.’ A voice came from the door. A crack appeared at the side corner of the door. A tray was sent in. It was filled with all kinds of nutritious meals.

Before the servant left, he added, ‘It’s raining outside. It’s cool at night. Tuck in yourself and don’t get a cold.’

Trevor played the video again. Christy started to eat with a smile on her face. The action was frozen as the little robot looked up at Trevor.

Although Trevor and the little robot did not communicate, Trevor understood.

Trevor walked over to the tray and placed it on the bed. He looked at the girl who was eating with a big smile on the screen. He dug out a mouthful of rice with a spoon and stuffed it into his mouth.

The little robot on the ground automatically played the picture of Christy’s eating. She was more beautiful than Arabella. But she did not eat like a fair lady. The picture gave people a good appetite.

When Trevor put down the spoon in his hand, the rice in the tray had been eaten up.

This was the first time he ate so much.

He put the tray back where it was and then went back to bed. The information on the computer was changing non-stop. He copied the information and then located it. Later, he typed in keywords to find more information. After screening it, he copied it, located it and sent it.

In the middle of the night, the siren of the police car mixed with the sound of the rain.

\*\*

Emily had another nightmare that night. Beverly embezzled public funds, Eliot was injured and hospitalized, her father and Harold died in a car accident, the Britt Group went bankrupt, and her house was mortgaged. In the end, she was stabbed to death by Elsie.

She opened her eyes, panting heavily at three o'clock in the morning.

She could not sit idly by and wait for death. She had to let Christy take the initiative to cooperate.

Thus, at three in the morning, she sent a message to Harold.

'Find an opportunity to kidnap Noah or Christy.'

Harold, who had been woken up by the text message, looked at it silently.

'Is Miss Emily dreaming?'

'Go to the Dalton Hotel and wait for him.' Emily added.

Harold was certain that Emily was serious.

‘Keep an eye out for highly skilled doctors.’ Another message was sent over.

Harold looked at it for a long time and failed to understand it. He only replied, ‘Alright.’

The rain outside the window had stopped. Emily lay back on the bed, but she was no longer sleepy. What the guards said rang in her mind. Finally, she got off the bed barefoot, opened the door, and walked through the corridor to the opposite of the study.

She twisted the handle gently.

The door opened.

The air was hot and dry. The curtains were completely drawn. It was pitch black all around, and Emily could not see her fingers. She carefully closed the door and stepped into the endless darkness.

She groped forward and finally reached the bed. She continued to touch the quilt, and then the long arms which were placed outside. Emily held Vincent’s wide, slightly cocooned hand and felt his body temperature. Then she gently pressed her face against it.

In her nightmare, she dreamed that Vincent was dead for the first time.

Emily didn’t know that the owner of this hand was watching all of this with his eyes open.

After Emily confirmed that Vincent was still alive, she turned around and walked out. Halfway through, she was held back and carried onto the bed.

Emily covered her mouth and did not make a sound. Vincent carried her into his arms and tucked her in. Then, he did not make any other movements. Emily pillowed on his long arm, and his aura surged into her nose.

After realizing that he was awake, she silently turned to face him. However, the room was too dark for her to see his face. She could only feel his breathing on her face. It was so hot.

She stretched out her hands gently and wrapped them around his neck.

Vincent stiffened slightly. In the next moment, he grabbed her back.

It was unknown how much time had passed. Vincent heard the sound of even breathing and realized that Emily had fallen asleep with her arms around his neck.

Vincent chuckled and tilted his head to kiss her earlobe.

What an adorable woman!

\*\*

When Emily woke up, she was the only one left on the bed. She quickly washed up and had breakfast. When she entered the training room, she saw Vincent standing on the arena.

After observing, she discovered that Vincent did not use his legs very often.

Previously, she only knew that Vincent died after drinking traditional Chinese medicine, but she didn't know why Vincent took it.

Only now did Emily understand that Vincent had injured his leg, and the pain would be unbearable on a rainy day.

‘Come up.’ Vincent threw a towel at her.

Emily subconsciously caught it. Then, she went up and wiped his sweat with the towel. The guards at the side looked at them embarrassedly while rounding their eyes wide open.

Emily looked at Vincent with only one thought in her mind. She could not watch him die.

After Emily wiped away his sweat, she stared fixedly at him. Because she was short, she had to look up at him.

Men always liked to wear black clothes. Vincent was in black, setting off his distinctly outlined face. Under his eyebrows, there was a pair of beautiful eyes. His eyelids slightly drooped and the outer corner of his eyes slightly raised. When he narrowed his eyes slightly, he looked extremely dangerous and charming. His nose was tall and straight. His boldly nasal bone extended to his thin cut lips, as if it were carved.

Due to the sweat on his forehead, he loosened his collar slightly, revealing his exquisite collarbone and Adam’s apple. He looked so manly.

Since Emily stared at Vincent for a long time, he couldn’t help but ask curiously, ‘What’s wrong?’

Emily said softly, ‘Vincent.’

‘What?’

‘I slept you last night. I will be responsible for you.’ Emily stared at him and said seriously, ‘You are mine. You can’t date other women, and you can’t betray me.’

The guards were shocked.

God! What was Emily going to do?

Rex was thrown into great shock.

Given the situation last night, how could Vincent be so horny?

Vincent said with a smile, ‘Alright.’

The guards were in astonishment.

Vincent’s and Emily’s roles were reversed! ‘Vincent, be tough!’

Vincent put his chin on Emily’s shoulder and said in a husky voice, ‘Support me in the future.’

Everyone present was overwhelmed by shock.

‘Alright.’ Emily returned seriously, ‘I’ll hold the purse strings. You should be more careful with money.’

Vincent smiled, ‘Yes, madam.’

The guards were startled.

Rex had a look of surprise.

Vincent must have been possessed.

The butler shouted outside the door, 'Someone wants to talk with Miss Emily.'

A bad premonition flashed through Emily's mind. Before she left, she held Vincent's hand and whispered, 'Vincent, don't interfere in my business.'

She was talking about her family's affairs.

Vincent understood her concerns and nodded.

They had just arrived downstairs when they saw Elsie, who seemed to be on the verge of tears. As Elsie saw Emily, her eyes turned red. 'Emily! Eliot has been taken by the police!'

Rolando sat on the sofa and interrupted with some confusion, 'Your brother has been taken away, and you should turn to your parents. What can Emily do for you?'

Elsie instantly turned pale.

Of course, she wanted to use this opportunity to test whether Emily was really retarded. Eliot had been hospitalized for so many days, but Emily did not pay a visit. She obviously didn't know that Eliot was hospitalized. Now that she heard that Eliot had been captured by the police, Elsie wanted to see how Emily would react. Moreover, Elsie wondered about Vincent's reaction. She couldn't believe that Vincent had allowed Emily to stay in the Scavo's for so many days.

Emily noticed that Elsie wore delicate makeup. After the rain, the weather had already turned cold. She was in a thin coat with knee-high boots, revealing a small part of her fair thighs.

Seeing Emily, Elsie said again anxiously, ‘Last night, a group of policemen rushed to the hospital and directly took Eliot away. Dad and mom went to the police station early this morning, but the police had to verify it before releasing Eliot.’

Emily rounded her big eyes, as if she was frightened. She did not move for a long time.

Elsie didn’t see her react and took another step forward, ‘Emily, follow me to the police station. We’ll go home....’

Emily suddenly moved. She hid behind Vincent, as if she was especially afraid of Elsie.

The guards were impressed by Emily’s act.

Elsie awkwardly stretched out her hand and smiled embarrassedly. ‘Emily?’

This scene was too familiar. Elsie vaguely remembered that Emily hid behind Vincent at the family banquet held by the Scavos.

However, Vincent, who was not close to women, did not throw Emily out. Vincent was surrounded by guards and his assistant. It seemed that this group of people had invisibly formed a barrier and put Emily under their protection.

But how could this be possible? How could Vincent protect Emily?

Rex went forward and said to Elsie, ‘You have scared Miss Emily. Please go back.’

Elsie glared at Emily. ‘Emily, Eliot is so kind to you. You won’t just sit there and watch him suffer, right?’

If Elsie weren't worried that she would give Vincent a bad impression, she would have pointed at Emily's nose and asked her, 'Are you acting?'

Rolando was a little angry. 'You are obviously older than my girl. As her elder sister, why don't you think of a way to solve the problem? Instead, you try to call your sister back. What ability does my girl have to save your brother from the prison?'

It took Elsie a long time to understand that Rolando referred to Emily as 'my girl'.

Elsie flushed red and she could not refute. She could only hurriedly say, 'Sorry for my interruption. I'm going back first. I shouldn't have been so anxious.'

As soon as Elsie left, Emily came out from behind Vincent. She frowned as she pondered. She thought that if the Buckleys were behind it, they would take revenge. However, she never expected that the Buckleys would take the most disgusting method-- to call the police.

Marquise was beaten up in the hospital.

Emily almost forgot that Eliot definitely wouldn't be so impatient to payback. In other words, a third party got involved. This one beat up Marquise and framed Eliot.

They framed Eliot so as to send Eliot into the police station. What was their purpose?

To punish Eliot?

No, no, no.

Emily thought she must have missed something. There must be something more important than this. Otherwise, the other party would not have implemented this plan at such a tight time.

Rolando suddenly interrupted her thoughts. 'Emily, if you don't like your sister, we won't let her in.'

'I'm fine.' Emily came back to her senses and said, 'Thank you, Grandpa.'

Rolando could tell at a glance that Emily just pretended to be scared in front of her sister. It had been a long time since Rolando met such a funny child. He waved his hand and said, 'Don't worry, Emily. As long as you enter my house, you are my family. The Scavos will protect you. If you get into trouble, go home. Grandpa will protect you!'

Emily smiled at him. 'Alright. I'm so happy that you will protect me.'

She turned around and walked upstairs. After she entered the bathroom, she was about to call when she saw Vincent next to her. She raised her eyebrows in surprise. 'Vincent, why...'

Vincent's kiss stopped her from saying anything else.

After they separated, she whispered, 'Haven't you left yet?'

Vincent threw his wallet to her and said, 'I have been waiting for you to give me loose change.'

...

Emily took his wallet seriously and flipped through it. She took out a hundred-dollar bill and handed it over. Then she muttered, 'Don't waste money.'

Vincent let out a chuckle. 'Alright.'

He left with the hundred-dollar bill.

On the way, Rex noticed that Vincent was in a good mood and asked, 'Mr. Vincent, why are you so happy?'

'I received my living expenses.' Vincent raised his eyebrows.

'Where?' Rex looked everywhere.

Vincent shook the hundred-dollar bill at his hands in the wind.

Rex was greatly shocked.

He watched Vincent carefully folded the hundred-dollar bill and put it into his lining pocket. Finally, he patted it lightly.

Feeling like jelly, Rex took a few steps and then cried while supporting the wall, 'Please save him!'

Emily called Harold in the bathroom. 'Beverly is about to make a move.'

Harold was surprised, 'How did you know?'

Emily exhaled, 'I've been wondering why the mastermind was anxious to put Eliot in jail, and now I figure it out. That guy must be in league with the person behind Beverly and Christy. If I guess right, they're probably the same person!'

Harold was shocked, 'Then what should I do?'

'I'm not going to stop Beverly, but I want to trick her into transferring the money to my account.' Emily stared at herself in the mirror, her eyes

shining with determination, 'So we have to go after Noah and Christy now.'

'Miss Emily,' Harold suddenly said in amazement.

'What's up?'

Harold said, 'Nothing. I just want to say you are awesome.'

Emily asked, 'What?'

Harold lowered his voice, 'Noah really comes to the Dalton Hotel.'

Emily whispered, 'Stall him. I'll be right there.'

'Alright.'

After hanging up, Emily quickly changed her clothes. These days, she had been in her room and seldom went out. Thus, the winter clothes that Rex sent to her were just lying idle. Now they came in very handy. Emily threw some clothes on and walked out.

She remembered something halfway and said to the guard behind her, 'I might not be back this afternoon. Ask the three teachers to take a day off.'

The three men were all old, so Emily would like to call them teachers.

The guard nodded, 'OK.'

Emily wore a mask and told Rolando that she had to go out before leaving the villa.

By a happy coincidence, a taxi just stopped at the gate. Emily jumped into the car. Luckily, the guard was agile enough to catch up with her. Otherwise, he had to run after her in the cold winter.

Emily stared at him, 'Why are you following me?'

The guard answered, 'Mr. Vincent told me to protect you.'

Emily nodded and didn't ask again.

The guard felt it strange that her vibe totally changed after she left the villa. She turned frosty and radiated coldness. It was like she involuntarily armed herself with indifference when she was out, preventing others from seeing her tenderness.

She was exactly the same as Vincent in this respect.

Emily got off the car and dashed to the Dalton Hotel, leaving the guard to pay the bill. Worrying that he couldn't catch up with Emily, the guard threw the driver a hundred yuan and said, 'Let me use your car when we meet next time. This is the fare.'

The driver smiled, 'Alright.'

However, he didn't believe that he would meet the two people again in such a large city.

Upon arrival at the hotel, Emily headed straight for the back door to meet Harold. They greeted each other and directly went down through the corridor to the lobby.

Noah was here to dine with his client. Last time, Noah had taken off his mask and showed Ferne his face. Thus, Ferne recognized Noah when

passing the lobby. However, he didn't step up to say hi but just instructed the waiter to serve them some dessert.

It was only nine o'clock in the morning. Noah's client was probably staying in the Dalton Hotel, so he made an appointment with Noah to have breakfast there. They were eating and chatting, seeming to have a good time.

Emily frowned and was trying to think of a way, 'You deceive him into the private room and tie him up.'

Harold was startled. He didn't dare to say that Emily was a cute and simple girl anymore.

'Take a cloth with you in case he shouts.' Something just occurred to Emily, 'Can you defeat him?'

Harold shook his head, 'I don't know, but I'll try my best.'

A voice suddenly sounded, 'Just knock him out when he's not looking.'

Emily and Harold turned around.

Ferne smiled, 'Hi, Emily.'

Emily was surprised.

She didn't expect that Ferne could recognize her.

Today she was in a coat with a pure white sweater and pencil pants. However, she covered her face with a scarf, so how could Ferne recognize her without efforts?

It was because Ferne recognized Harold. He had seen Harold standing at the back door, so he guessed that Emily would come over too. He was right, but he didn't expect her target to be Noah.

He squatted down and stared at Noah, hiding the doubt in his eyes and asking, 'You want to tie him up? It's simple.'

Emily eyed him dubiously.

Harold asked, 'Mr. Ferne, what do you got?'

Ferne fixed his hair and said, 'It's a piece of cake.' Then he stood up and gestured to them, 'Look.'

He walked a few steps to Noah and asked if he and his client enjoyed the breakfast. Then he stared at Noah and said in shock, 'It turns out that you're a regular customer here. Hope you like our food. Well, I've got a nice bottle of red wine. Do you want to have a try? I'll be in the private room. Just come to me later.'

Noah politely nodded with a smile.

Ferne walked straight to the private room without looking at Emily and Harold. Emily silently gave him a thumbs up and appreciated his wits.

Not long after, Noah got up and walked towards the private room. After he entered the room and closed the door, Emily stood up and went through the lobby to the private room with Harold. As she put her hand on the doorknob, the door was open and Noah was lying on the ground.

Emily was thunderstruck.

She goggled at Ferne with admiration.

Ferne coughed, 'I'm not bragging. I'm far better at Sanda than my friends.'

Harold respectfully said to him, 'Let's have a friendly competition later.'

Ferne said, 'You'd better not. I'm afraid that you'll get injured.'

Harold replied, 'It's fine. I can bear it.'

They quickly entered the private room and closed the door. Harold squatted down to check Noah's belongings and confiscated his phone, wallet and ID card.

Ferne swallowed his saliva and changed the topic. 'Why do you kidnap him? I won't do anything illegal.'

'We won't do illegal things.'

'Is there a basement?'

Harold and Emily said at the same time. Ferne was silent for a moment and glanced at Harold, who was astounded. Then he turned to look at Emily, finding that she remained cool and calm.

'You want to keep him in the basement? Hold him ... prisoner?' Ferne scanned Emily suspiciously and finally couldn't help but say, 'Emily, Vincent is nice to you. You can't do this behind his back. Although this guy looks handsome and has a good figure, but....'

Emily interrupted him, 'Not as handsome as Vincent. Actually, Vincent is in better shape.'

Ferne was confused.

He suddenly regretted having helped Emily, and now he couldn't stay out of it. He nerved himself to ask, 'Then what are you...?'

'I want you to lock him up for a few days,' Emily said.

'Me?' Ferne pointed at his nose in surprise.

'Yes, it's safer to let you do this.'

Ferne waved, 'No, it's not okay. People will misunderstand me.'

'Misunderstand what?' Emily looked up at him.

Ferne didn't know how to explain it.

After a while, he said, 'If my wife finds out....'

Emily said, 'Then you can take the chance to divorce her.'

Ferne was astonished.

He was at a loss for words now.

After checking Noah's belongings and taking his phone and wallet, Harold gave those things to Emily and then searched further. However, he found nothing more.

Emily took the phone and unlocked it with Noah's fingerprint. Then she deleted the code on the phone and decisively put it into her pocket.

Ferne was dumbfounded as he watched her do that dexterously.

He almost couldn't help but ask whether Emily was so experienced.

‘Are you sure you can lick him?’ Emily asked again before leaving,  
‘How did you knock him out?’

Ferne was embarrassed to answer that.

Just now, he quickly held Noah and struck him as soon as Noah came over and opened the door.

Ferne hit him fast, hard and accurately.

That was the key to win a fight.

Although his behavior was shameful, he had no choice in that he seemed to be weaker than Noah. When Noah fell on the ground, it made a loud sound. This meant that Noah was strong, though he looked thin. Ferne felt that he couldn’t hang on for very long if he really fought with Noah.

Seeing that Ferne kept silent, Emily didn’t ask again but instructed Harold to get a rope. Afterwards, she asked, ‘Ferne, is there a basement?’

Ferne sighed, ‘Yes, there is a wine cellar.’

‘It’s okay, as long as no one goes there,’ Emily said.

‘...’

Ferne couldn’t help but ask, ‘Emily, what are you trying to do? Do you have a grudge against him? Just tell me your plan. I can lock him here, but I don’t know how to treat him.’

‘It’s up to you. But remember not to let him get away.’ Emily looked down at Noah and then gazed at Ferne, ‘I don’t think you can beat him even with a stick.’

She could tell from Noah's broken eyebrows that he wasn't a pushover. Moreover, she had seen his sturdy chest when Harold searched Noah's inner pocket.

On cue, Harold whispered to Emily, 'It looks like Noah works out every day. He is muscular.'

Ferne felt hurt.

He silently looked at his flabby tummy and took a deep breath, holding his stomach in. He tried to get himself some abs, but in vain.

Finally, he gave up.

Harold found a rope and tied Noah's hands and feet. Then Ferne got a serving cart and put Noah at the bottom, transporting him to the cellar.

Before leaving, Emily looked around and took a picture of Noah who had been tied. She saved the picture and said to Ferne, 'I'll come to take him away a week later at the latest.'

Ferne was disappointed.

He regretted having asked her that question just now!

After Emily and Harold left, Ferne sat in the cellar and looked at the red wines gloomily. 'Damn it! How should I explain to him if he suddenly wakes up?'

'How do you want to explain?' A voice came from behind.

Ferne slowly turned around and found Noah waking up and sitting on the floor. Even though his hands and feet were tied, he was still graceful and

handsome. He was smiling with a dimple in his cheek. But in the meantime, he raised his broken brows and looked a little aggressive.

He had been thinking about how to trap Ferne in the past few days, but he didn't expect himself to be kidnapped by Ferne now.

Good.

Very good.

Ferne didn't speak.

He suddenly had a bad feeling.

...

After Emily came out, the guard hiding in the shadows followed her again.

'I'll go to the police station. You can go back now,' Emily said to Harold.

Harold nodded and quickly disappeared.

Soon, the guard got a taxi. When the taxi stopped, Emily and the driver sitting in the back seat looked at each other in shock.

The guard sat behind the wheel and smiled at the driver through the rearview mirror, 'Hello, what a coincidence!'

The driver was speechless with anger.

He was the one who had sent Emily to the Dalton Hotel just now. The driver had been avoiding to get close to the hotel, but he saw a man in

white standing at the entrance and waving at him for several times. However, he couldn't find that guy every time he drove over.

Just now, the driver finally found the man in white, but then he discovered that the guy was actually in black after taking off his coat.

The driver was mad.

Soon, they arrived at the police station. Emily didn't get off and said to the guard, 'You go in and check on my brother. His name is Eliot.'

Then the guard walked in.

Although he was just a guard, many people in City Y had seen their uniforms. Thus, people could tell that he was from the Scavo family with a glance at his clothes.

The moment he entered the police station, everyone turned to look at him.

An incoming policeman didn't know him and wanted to shout at him, but a senior policeman quickly stopped the new police. Then, the captain came over and asked, 'May I help you?'

'I want to see Eliot,' the guard said.

The policemen looked at each other and then pointed at a large cell full of people. The guard walked over and found Eliot sitting on the ground. Eliot was probably a little tired and was sleeping with his eyes closed.

The guard took a picture with his phone.

The policemen got nervous, 'What is he doing? Why would Mr. Vincent interfere with it?'

After all, the Britt family was going under. That was why the policemen dared to snub Eliot. Now that Vincent sent his guard to visit Eliot, the policemen all became nervous and uneasy.

The police chief immediately instructed, 'Give Eliot a private cell with a bed.'

Then Eliot was woken up in a daze and felt himself lifted onto a bed.

He looked at the policeman in puzzlement and asked, 'What's happening? When can I leave?'

The policeman thought that Eliot asked the question just on purpose, for Eliot should know the answer.

Even so, the policeman still answered seriously, 'After we investigate it and make sure you have an alibi.'

Eliot closed his eyes again.

The guard gave the phone back to Emily. She took a look at the photo and said, 'Let's go home.'

The guard was a little confused.

Emily looked fragile, but sometimes she was stronger than anyone else. She was more mature and stable than people at her age.

The guard sat in the driver's seat and drove to the Scavo's. When he got off the car, he looked at the meter and saw that the fare was sixty.

Before he could speak, the driver hastened to give him twenty yuan, 'Here is your change. Goodbye.'

With that, he got into his car and sped away.

'Damn it! I've heard that one of my colleagues was robbed of the car and was stuffed into the trunk. The robber was in black and gave him fifty yuan in the end.'

Cool but stingy.

The driver thought about it and felt the person he had just met was the same as the robber.

What a bastard! That guy even tricked a little girl into helping him deceive people! Damn it!

Emily looked at the guard in confusion and asked hesitantly, 'Why did the driver look at me with a strange expression?'

The guard answered, 'Maybe he is just dazzled by your beauty.'

'...'

Emily said, 'But I feel he's scared....'

'There is a saying that the prettier a woman is, the more dangerous she is. So his fear is understandable,' the guard lied and complimented Emily calmly.

Emily was startled.

Rolando was waiting for Emily at the door. When he saw she was back, he immediately turned around and walked towards the hall, 'I'll go check if lunch is ready.'

Emily didn't know how to react.

The butler whispered, 'Mr. Rolando has been waiting for you at the door since the moment you left. He's worried that you won't come back after getting out.'

In Emily's memory, Matthew never waited for her to come home, nor did he try to make her laugh when he saw her.

He only talked to her on New Year's Day like doing his job, 'Here's your lucky money.'

She learned everything about emotions from her mother and Eliot, as well as her father, and even Sydnee and Kamron that she knew later. But then Kamron tricked her, and Sydnee passed away. Eliot had to be hospitalized, and her father also died.

All those things happened one after another.

In the end, her feelings were completely taken away when Elsie stabbed a knife into her chest.

'He has lost both his son and daughter.' The butler sighed, 'He has almost lost Mr. Vincent, too. It took Mr. Rolando half of his life to get Mr. Vincent back.'

This was the first time Emily had heard of Vincent's childhood. However, the butler realized that he had said too much. He patted his lips and said, 'I also heard about it from others. The previous butler died when I came here. I heard that he had worked for Mr. Rolando for half his life.'

Emily did not say anything. She nodded and walked into the hall.

Rolando waved to her, 'Come here, Emily. We'll have crabs for lunch today.'

‘That’s great.’ Emily smiled at him at a distance.

Rolando was Vincent’s last family, so he was also her family.

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In the President’s Office of the Scavo Corp.

Rex came in and asked, ‘Mr. Vincent, should I order food from that hotel like usual?’

Vincent, who was sitting in front of the computer, replied without raising his head, ‘No.’

‘Then what do you want to eat today?’ Rex took out a tablet, ‘There are only five hotels in City Y which you have given five stars. You have ordered food from four of them in the past few days, so there is only one left today.’

After typing on the computer, Vincent tilted his head and asked, ‘Can you find meals that are fifteen each?’

Rex was confused.

He suspected that he had got it wrong. He even picked his ears.

Vincent was reluctant to take out the one-hundred banknote from his chest, ‘Give me one of those.’

Rex was even more confused.

Mr. Vincent! Was that really necessary?

‘My wallet.’ Vincent held out his hand and Rex quickly handed over the wallet to him. And then he watched as Vincent took out a one-hundred banknote and handed it over to him, ‘I’ll lend you a hundred.’

Rex was confused again.

‘I have to save up.’ Vincent rubbed the bridge of his nose, smiling with his eyes narrowed, ‘After all, I will have to rely on her to support us in the future.’

Rex thought he was going to die as he heard that.

So Rex, the special assistant to the president of the Scavo Corp went downstairs with the one-hundred banknote in his hand. On the way down, he met a lot of employees of the company. All of them greeted him and asked, ‘Rex, are you going for lunch now? Where are you going?’

Rex smiled and asked, ‘Could you please tell me where I can get a meal that only costs fifteen?’

All the employees were shocked.

They all wondered whether their company was going to go bankrupt, since Rex could only afford to eat a meal for fifteen now!

An employee showed him the way and told him, ‘There is a small food stall there. They probably offer inexpensive meals, but takeout costs extra money. A box costs two.’

Rex frowned, ‘Two for a box. That’s over budget.’ Because Vincent’s budget was fifteen.

The employee was speechless with surprise.

Rex couldn't even afford a meal that only costs fifteen! The employee thought it was going to be the end of the world and that she was going to be jobless soon.

Hoping to accomplish the mission, Rex ran to the food stall with a sad face. The decoration of the food stall was no match for other restaurants at all. Rex hesitated for a long time before getting closer.

The lady owner was a perceptive woman. When she saw that the white-collar man was wearing a nice suit, a tie, and a pair of leather shoes, she knew he was definitely an elite in the CBD. And judging from his appearance, he must be a member of a middle or upper management team. The way he glanced through the menu also showed that he was rich.

The lady owner hurriedly came up to Rex and said, 'Young man, what can I get you? We have all sorts of food here, but it's cheaper than outside. Their food is more expensive, but their food is not better than ours. So, what would you like to have?'

Rex pointed at the menu, 'Stir-fried noodles.' He whispered, 'Can you make it cheaper without shredded meat?'

The lady owner went blank.

She thought the young man must have just been fired.

'Can I just pay one for the box?' Rex asked, trying not to blush.

The lady owner was dumbfounded.

She thought the young man's company must have gone bankrupt!

When Rex went back with the box of stir-fried noodles without shredded meat, he felt he didn't have the courage to face the other employees there. He went to the entrance of the building.

A group of employees were sticking their noses on the glass wall, 'Hey, what's this on the wall? Why can't I wipe the stain away?'

They were peeking at the meal box in Rex's hand while pretending they were cleaning the wall. They were convinced that Rex had gone to the small food stall!

A receptionist had just returned from lunch when she saw Rex, so she asked casually, 'Rex, where did you buy this meal box? Quite expensive, isn't it?'

Good Heavens! She was so good at flattering Rex. She asked that question without even looking at the meal box.

Rex adjusted his collar, trying to make himself look like an elite, 'It costs fifteen.'

The receptionist was stunned.

So did all the employees who had been peeking.

They wondered whether the company was going to reduce the staff.

Rex carried the meal box to the President's Office, put the box and the change on the desk, 'Eighty-five left.'

As he turned around, he saw a few hairy crabs and a food box on the tea table.

A guard was taking out the dishes in the food box one by one, 'Miss Emily said she will be responsible for Mr. Vincent's three meals in the future because he doesn't have a lot of living expenses. She also said that you can only eat half of a crab. She had got the meat out and put it in a bowl. The other crabs are for your assistant, Rex.'

Rex was overjoyed, but then he saw Vincent point at the stir-fried noodles that he had bought and heard him say, 'Don't waste the food. You can have my noodles.'

'What about those crabs for me ...' Rex wanted to tell Vincent that he should let him eat the crabs first, since Emily said those were only for him.

'Oh,' Vincent said, 'you can have them after you finish eating the noodles.'

Rex didn't know how to react.

A heated discussion was going on in the internal WeChat group of the Scavo Corp's.

'Big news! Poor Rex is hiding in the tea room eating 15-buck stir-fried noodles alone with a said face!'

A photo was uploaded.

In the photo, Rex was sitting in the tea room, eating stir-fried noodles in despair. He looked occasionally back in the direction of the office. As he thought about the crabs, he couldn't help but slobber. But when he looked at the stir-fried noodles, he regretted not asking the owner of the food stall to add some eggs for extra money. The fried noodles didn't even have shredded meat in it...

‘Sobbing. Is Rex going to be sacked?’

‘Our president is really too ruthless! I’m crying.’

‘It’s so difficult to be in the president’s company. Sigh. I felt sorry for Rex!’

When Rex returned to his seat with a face full of despair after eating the stir-fried noodles, he discovered that there was a lot of food on his desk, including bread, nuts, other snacks, and even a cup of coffee. And there were a few sticky notes on his computer.

‘Rex! It’ll be okay!’

‘A red heart for you! Rex! Eat well!’

‘Hang in there! We will always back you!’

Rex felt confused once again.

Noah did not return or send a message even in the afternoon.

Christy turned on her phone to check where he was. Only then did she find out that Noah’s phone was not located in the Dalton Hotel, but in.... Two words, ‘the Scavo’s’, were shown on the screen.

The Scavo’s?

He was at the Scavo’s?

No, if he changed his plan temporarily, he would have told her in advance for sure. Why would he go to the Scavo’s without saying a word?

Christy immediately prepared herself for the worst. Noah might be under someone's control. That person took away Noah's phone and was waiting for her to contact him.

Noah had never failed in so many years. It seemed that he had encountered a strong rival this time.

The 'strong rival', Ferne Dalton, was cursing in his heart while trying to maintain the smile on his face.

He looked at Noah and said, 'It's not me that caught you and took you here.'

Noah smiled sinisterly, 'Oh?'

Ferne didn't know what to say.

Well, it seemed that the misunderstanding would remain.

He sat on a wooden bench by their side and said, 'You should have seen it in the news.'

The organizer of the bachelors' party had already been sent to a trial. Since the materials of the case were submitted in time and Ferne had been helping them, that organizer would be convicted for sure. People behind him had probably abandoned him, too. However, he still refused to withdraw his previous remarks or admit his guilt. He still pretended that he did not know about the girl who had died and been founded in the trunk of his car, even when both witnesses and material evidence were there.

The police had worked hard for several days, but they only caught a scapegoat who refused to admit his guilt in the end.

The guests who had gone to the party also covered for each other, saying that with everyone wearing masks, they did not know who the organizer was, who the other guests were, or what had happened to the girl in the trunk.

In their words, 'Everyone comes here to have fun. Who cares who the others are? We just want to enjoy ourselves!'

The girl's death was also like a joke. No one knew why a girl had died there, or what it had to do with them. Most of them repeated the same sentence in the police station, 'Why on earth would I know?'

In order to avoid causing an unnecessary panic, in the news the group of people arrested in the middle of the night were described as gamblers.

The world always preached beauty and wrapped ugliness and dirt under a beautiful cover. As a result, people were tricked by the beautiful appearance and then fell into an abyss all the time.

Noah didn't say anything, because all of those were within his expectations.

There were bugs all over the world. They crowded together and flourished by reproduction like maggots in a cesspool.

What the police had destroyed was just one of their dwellings. But the police didn't know that their dwellings were everywhere in the world.

Ferne turned to look at him. 'I know what you're thinking, but if you really know something, I hope you won't act alone. I hope you can trust us this time.'

'Trust you?' Noah curled up his lips slightly, smiling ironically, 'Are you also a police officer?'

‘I used to be.’

‘Why are you not now?’

Ferne didn’t answer. He wanted to say that he quitted because he went home to get married and to inherit his family’s property, but he knew that was just an excuse. In his heart, that was not the real reason.

Noah suddenly said, ‘Three years ago, in the Fortune Jewelry case, a robber escaped through the back door. The captain chased him because he was too eager to get a reward. But he was taken hostage by another robber hiding at the back door in the end.’

Ferne glared at him with his eyes widened, clenching his fists subconsciously.

‘Letting the two robbers run away was no big deal, but you didn’t want to give up that opportunity to seize them. In the fight, your team member sacrificed himself to save you.’ Noah raised his eyebrows with a cut slightly, and his rough gaze was cast on Ferne’s pale face, ‘And you, out of anger, shot four bullets into a robber’s head.’

Ferne suddenly exploded and punched Noah, ‘You did that on purpose!’

Noah dodged his punch by a few millimeters, but right after that, Ferne’s second punch came, ‘You could have warned me that night, but you didn’t! That girl could have lived!’

The second punch was landed exactly on Noah’s face. As his arms and legs were tied up, Noah couldn’t dodge the second punch at all.

Ferne rode on Noah’s body to punch his face with all his strength as he roared, ‘But you want that girl dead, so you can provoke me! Is that right?’

‘So that I would willingly send that trash to prison!’

‘So that I would go all out to dig out their hiding place guiltily!’

‘Is that right?’

His eyes were bloodshot, and tears almost welled up. Lying on the floor, Noah pressed the tip of his tongue against his cheek. Although his boldly outlined face and straight eyebrows made him look upright, his eyes were filled with disdain. As if he was trying to provoke Ferne, he said something irritating again, ‘I thought it would take you some time to realize that.’

‘You bastard!’ Ferne punched him again, ‘Bastard! That’s a life!’

‘I know that’s a life!’ Noah’s hit Ferne on the forehead with his head, ‘But many people have lost their lives and you didn’t even notice them!’

Ferne was knocked dizzy. He was not knocked over only because he had immediately grabbed Noah’s collar tightly.

Noah swept his teeth with the tip of his tongue and he tasted blood. His cut eyebrow was raised high and his eyes were filled with violent rage as he said, ‘You want a fight? Untie the ropes and let’s have a fight!’

The two of them did not notice that the door of the wine cellar was opened. A waitress walked down from outside and saw them after a few steps.

The eyes of the three of them met.

Ferne was silent.

So was Noah.

And so was the waitress.

The waitress hurriedly lowered her head and headed out, and then she closed the door again tightly. A waiter who was waiting for her outside asked, 'Where is the wine the guest wants? Why didn't you bring it out?'

The waitress hemmed and hawed with her head lowered. The waiter sighed, 'Forget it. I'll go get it myself.'

'No, there're people inside.'

'So what?'

The waitress blushed and didn't know how to explain.

The waiter suddenly thought of something. He could tell there was gossip, 'What did you see?'

'I saw our boss.'

'With a girl?' The waiter was convinced that their boss didn't like his wife and was hiding a mysterious mistress somewhere, but he could never have thought that their boss would hide his mistress in the wine cellar! How exciting!

'With a man.' The waitress recalled the scene she had just seen and blushed again.

The waiter was dumbfounded as if he had eaten something disgusting, 'What?'

'Our boss is riding on a man.'

The waiter was shocked as he thought that was some kind of game in sex.

‘That man is tied up. He can’t move, and he seems to be struggling.’

The waiter’s jaw dropped.

He could never have thought that their boss was a player!

‘Untie the ropes. Let’s have a good fight.’ Lying on his back, Noah felt his neck was stiff because he had been raising his head for a long time. He lay back on the floor and said angrily, as if his voice was also stained with blood, ‘Untie them.’

‘Do you really think I’m that stupid?’ Ferne stood up and looked down at him, ‘How can I be any match for you?’

Noah didn’t know what to say.

Ferne took a photo of Noah’s face and then walked out with his phone.

‘Hey! Aren’t you afraid that others will come in and find me?’ Veins appeared on Noah’s forehead as he knitted his brows. At that moment, the rough outline of his face was somewhat frightening, and he was surrounded in an aura of anger and hostility.

Ferne nodded, ‘You do have a point.’

He found a lock from the cabinet and smiled at Noah, ‘Don’t worry, no one will find you now.’

Noah kept quiet.

He pressed the tip of his tongue against his cheeks again as he watched the door of the wine cellar close. He only had one thought in his mind.

If he could caught Ferne in the future, he would teach him a lesson.

After Ferne got out of the wine cellar, he immediately made a call, 'Help me look up a guy. The name is Rodney Patrick. It might be a fake name. I have sent his photo to you on WeChat. See if you can get his file. Also, erase the record. Don't let anyone discover that we are looking for his file. And don't tell anyone, including the captain.'

Not long after, Ferne got the information.

Ferne could tell at a glance that the information was fake. Fortunately, at least he knew his real name was Noah Sachs.

After saying thank you and his warning to the informant again, Ferne went to the garage, got out his car and headed straight for the Pecker's.

It seemed like he must ask Trevor for help.

At exactly four o'clock in the afternoon, Trevor got out of bed barefooted. The heating in his room was on all the time since it was fall. The temperature in the room was kept constant all year round, and the humidity there was controlled by a humidifier.

He looked at his computer and saw a location sent by Eleven. Christy had left for the Dalton Hotel. She probably didn't find Noah, so she went back.

He clicked on the video and the video was projected onto the wall. Christy was eating on the sofa. It was a bun which she had probably bought on the way. She took one bite and the stuffing was exposed. The bun was a little too hot, so she blew on it. She ate it while staring at the location information on her phone. She saw that Noah's phone was still shown to be at the Scavo's.

Somehow, Trevor felt hungry as he watched her eat. There were snacks in his room. If the servants did not bring him food in time, he could eat

those snacks or ring a bell to remind the servants. But he had never rang the bell.

Christy bought five buns with different stuffing in total. She had eaten three, and put aside the rest two. And then she made herself a hot drink and curled up on the sofa, holding the cup.

When she was in a trance, she could just sit there for a whole afternoon, looking quietly at the curtains. Even though she lived in a high-end villa, she still didn't dare to open the windows at any time for fear of being discovered.

It was as if she was living in a gorgeous palace. Everything around her was perfect except that she herself was rotten.

Noah had lost contact with her, but she had to wait. Perhaps he had just lost his phone, so she shouldn't panic now.

Waiting was her strongest suit.

She picked up the unfinished buns and ate them up bite by bite.

The servants at the Pecker's heard the sound of the bell for the first time. Many of them crowded under the garret in surprise, 'This means ... Mr. Trevor is hungry?'

Another servant was overjoyed as he ran down from the garret, 'Hurry up! Mr. Trevor wants to eat steamed buns!'

'I'll go buy some! Let me go! What kind of stuffing does he want?'

'I'll go too!'

The butler rushed over. When he figured out what was going on, he immediately asked, 'Wait a moment. How did you know that Mr. Trevor wants to eat steamed buns?'

The servant immediately took out a piece of paper and said, 'I took this out from the garret. That's Mr. Trevor's handwriting. This is the first time Mr. Trevor has ever said he wants to eat something! What are you all waiting for! Hurry up! Go and buy steamed buns!'

The note was passed through the hands of more than a dozen servants and was finally passed to Mr. and Mrs. Peck. Mrs. Peck cried as she held the note.

'Our son has written something! He wants to eat steamed buns!'

'This is a good thing. Stop crying.' Mr. Peck tried to comfort her.

'Hurry up and buy some buns!' After Mrs. Peck saying that to the servants, she cried again as she read the note carefully again, 'I wonder how delicious those buns are.'

Mr. Peck was not sure what to say.

When Ferne arrived at the Pecker's, he saw a group of servants waiting under the garret, chattering about something.

'He ate it! He ate it!' Suddenly, a voice came from above, 'Mr. Trevor likes custard buns!'

Ferne was confused.

Only then did those servants see him and invite him up hurriedly, 'Are you here to see Mr. Trevor? He is eating at the moment.'

Ferne nodded and waited there for about ten minutes as he was told before knocking on the door.

The garret was still filled with the smell of steamed buns. Normally, Ferne would definitely joke about it, but he was not in the mood at all today. He spoke as soon as he entered the garret, 'Trevor, I would like to ask you to look up someone for me.'

As soon as he pushed the door open, he saw a pile of paper on the carpet.

That was exactly Noah Sachs's information.

'Holy shit, you're amazing! How did you know I want his information?' Ferne was shocked. He picked up the paper and looked around nervously, 'Don't scare me.'

Although it was afternoon, it was dark in the garret since the curtains there were completely closed and light could only get in from the door. And Trevor snuggled in his bed in the dark, motionless.

Ferne took a few steps towards the bed, 'Why don't you speak?' He glanced around, 'Where's Eleven?'

Trevor remained silent, so Ferne could only put down the two boxes of chocolates he had brought with him, took the pile of paper and turned around to leave.

Apart from Vincent, and perhaps Arabella as well, no one dared to lift the curtain in Trevor's room.

Trevor's eyes were fixed on the computer screen. In the pictures transmitted back by Eleven, Christy had a nightmare again. She covered her neck with her hands painfully, kicked her legs with her eyes shut. She grimaced as she almost suffocated in her own dream.

It had lasted for 30 seconds.

If she didn't wake up, she would die in her dream.

Trevor took over the control of the robot temporarily by typing on his keyboard. He typed in a series of codes, and on the computer screen, the little robot began to climb onto the tea table. And then it picked up the cup of hot drink and threw it to the floor.

There was a loud bang.

Christy, who was lying on the sofa, finally woke up from her dream. She panted and coughed for a long time while covering her neck with her hands. When she finally calmed herself down, she raised her hand to wipe the sweat off her forehead and stared blankly at the broken cup on the floor.

She couldn't remember if she had smashed the cup herself.

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Ferne took the pile of paper and headed straight back to the hotel.

But something happened in the hotel. A guest had left his valuables in the pocket of his clothes, but they were gone when his clothes were sent back from a dry cleaner.

Those clothes had gone through six people's hands, even excluding Ferne's hotel's own staff. The dry cleaner was just their cooperative partner, so it was not situated inside the hotel. Ferne checked surveillance cameras' footage, interrogated the waiters, and then communicated with the guest.

He didn't remember that he hadn't read the information until he finally sat down for dinner.

However, as soon as he began to read the information and saw Noah's name, he clapped his hand on his thigh and said, 'Damn, I forgot about him.'

From morning to night, Noah had not drunk anything, let alone having any food.

Ferne hurried to the wine cellar.

As expected, Noah was lying on the floor with his eyes closed when Ferne opened the door.

Harold was a veteran, and the ropes he had used were field ropes which were extremely difficult to untie. Noah could not untie the ropes after trying for a whole afternoon. He had grazed his wrists, and the ropes were soaked in blood.

Ferne brought in a tray with food and a hot drink on it. He had to walk down the stairs, but he staggered because he missed one step. He could only rush down, but the cup on the tray tipped over. He was anxious to mend his way, but the hot drink was spilled at a speed faster than he could walk.

'Holy shit!'

Noah opened his eyes and squinted at Ferne. Noah's voice was filled with anger, 'It wasn't spilled on you. Why are you shouting?'

Ferne didn't know how to react.

He hurriedly put the tray down and turned around to wipe the water off Noah's chest with a wiping cloth, and then he pulled him up from the floor, 'Come on. Eat something.'

The way Ferne had treated Noah made him so annoyed that he even wanted to kill Ferne. But Noah cooled off a bit and squinted at Ferne when he heard his words, 'How should I eat?'

Ferne looked at his bleeding wrists and said, 'I won't release you in any case. You can find a way to eat by yourself.'

The wine cellar was filled with an intoxicating smell. Noah had been lying there for a long time, so he felt dizzy and drowsy. When he was pulled up, he couldn't help but asked Ferne while leaning against the stone wall beside him, 'You should at least tell me why you tie me up, right?'

But Ferne really couldn't tell him it was Emily's idea.

'You want money or my life?' Noah looked at him disdainfully and said, 'Don't tell me you've taken a fancy to me and want my body.'

Ferne was dumbfounded.

Ferne rolled his eyes at Noah and got up to leave.

Noah frowned as he saw the dishes on the ground. Feeling thirsty, he could not help shouting, 'Come back!'

However, Ferne left without turning back.

Noah was so angry that he imagined strangling him again and again.

After a few minutes, Ferne returned with a pair of scissors and handcuffs in his hand.

Noah said nothing but silently closed his legs tight.

Seeing that, Ferne smiled, 'Hey, you need to show some respect, otherwise...' He threatened by taking the scissors to Noah's crotch.

Noah glared at Ferne immediately, which seemed like he would chop him if Ferne dared.

Ferne snorted. He handcuffed Noah's arms and legs, and then cut the rope with a pair of scissors.

'Just stay here! I will bring you food and drinks.'

Ferne looked at the time. It was time for him to go back to audit and check the reports. There was no time to waste.

When he returned, he could no longer find Noah's information and even forgot where to put it. Checking the security video, he found that his information was lying on the table and a cleaning lady accidentally knocked over those papers into the cleaning bucket, so she poured them into the sewer...

Ferne was speechless.

He held his head in agony.

If he asked Trevor for information again, would he ignore him?

Meanwhile, Christy received a picture message. There was Noah lying on the ground with his eyes closed, not knowing whether he was alive or dead.

From: Emily Britt.

She called right away, 'What do you mean?'

Emily had just finished bathing. Now, she was standing in the bathroom, wrapping a towel around herself and saying, 'I told you before that I want to cooperate with you.'

'Where is he? Let me hear his voice first.' Christy put out the cigarette and walked into the living room in bare feet. However, her foot was hurt by shards of a wine glass that she broke and did not clean up in the afternoon. She took out the shards with pain, turned on the light, and then walked to the computer.

The location of Noah's Phone was still at the Scavo's.

Emily was living in the Scavo's, so what was her relationship with Vincent?

'Christy, I hope you know my purpose.' Emily said huskily. She drew this afternoon as usual. After dinner, she had classes and reviewed, and then studied finance with Vincent at nine o'clock. When she returned to her room, she continued to do a series of exercises, which got her sweaty and consumed a lot of energy. So, she seemed a little tired. 'I won't harm you. I am just looking for your cooperation.'

'Miss Emily, I have seen many ways to cooperate except in this special way.' Christy calmly looked for tissues and wiped off the blood from the soles of her feet.

You still have time to consider it.' Emily said.

Christy shouted, 'Wait! Are you sure he's fine?'

'I'm sure. He is living in a nice place with food, drinks and air conditioning. He is enjoying.'

'What should I do?' Christy asked.

Emily said, 'Tomorrow at 10:00 am, stay away from the people behind you and come see me alone.'

After hanging up, Emily walked out of the bathroom. A cold chill went down her neck as her body was not dry enough, which reminded her that Noah was staying at the wine cellar now, and Ferne was perhaps taking good care of him.

Only at midnight did Ferne remember and awaken. 'Hell, I forgot to get him a quilt!'

Noah, who was crouching in a corner to keep warm, carved seventeen Ferne's names in handcuffs on the wall, and every name has followed the DEATH.

Ferne, who was running towards the wine cellar with the quilt in his arms, rubbed the back of his neck and confused that why did he always feel chilly?

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The Britt's house.

Elsie quietly entered Beverly's room. 'Mom, what do you want to talk to me about so late?'

Recently, Maury has always been worried for Eliot. He didn't sleep in the company tonight, but in the study. Now that the lights of the study were off, so he should be asleep. Only after that, Elsie dared to come out because Beverly told her in the message, 'Don't let your father see you.'

After Elsie closed the door, she saw Beverly took out a card.

She said in surprise, 'Mom, where did you get it? It can't be five million, right?'

'It is from the company, and we can use it to invest in two months.'  
Beverly said. 'I have calculated that this project will start in at least three months later, so I withdrew that funds first.'

Eliot was detained, so the company was in a blind panic. Also, Maury was always distracted and kept contacting lawyers to see if he could bail Eliot out. Since yesterday, he has hardly had a rest.

Therefore, the company became Beverly's world.

In the chaos of the company, she ordered the Finance Department to take a few days off, and then got the money orders from the finance supervisor to transfer the funds. As long as the account book remained unchanged, who would check where this money had gone?

Uncovering the mask, Beverly said, 'we can invest a bit less now, but once the company has more clients and funds, then mom can get you money for anything you want to invest.'

'Mom! That is awesome!' Elsie hugged her and said, 'I will go to find Christy tomorrow.'

Beverly walked to a chair and sat down. She began to apply lotions and essence. 'Oh, you just visited the Scavo's today and what did you find?'

'That retard was scared to death when heard me say Eliot had been detained.' Elsie curled her lips with some embarrassment. 'Rolando was on her side and kept mocking me. I can't stand it anymore, so I came out.'

‘What’s the attitude of Vincent?’ Beverly stopped and turned to look at her. ‘What did he say?’ She asked.

Elsie frowned as she recalled, ‘Vincent... He said nothing.’

Beverly also got lost in her thought with a concentrated face.

‘Mom, do you know what he means?’ Elsie asked.

Beverly thought for a moment and said, Rolando should be drawn to the retard and Vincent will not care about her. ‘

‘You’re right.’ Elsie suddenly became happy again.

Although she was with Marquise before, she still dreamed of getting married to Vincent. If she could, she would have no more regrets in life.

‘I don’t know why that retard was so lucky. She can live in the Scavo’s in so many days!’ Elsie said bitterly.

She would never know that the retard that she was talking about was sitting at the table reading and taking notes.

Rex sent a cup of coffee to the study and came out. He found the lights in the little Hulk’s room still on. In the corridor, only the lights in the study and her room were on.

Although the little Hulk was younger than Miss Arabella, she could be steadier than a man. Even more, she demanded more of herself than Arabella did. They have not known each other for a long time, but he could feel that magic accountability of hers.

She never pretended to cry out when injured in the arena, and even never fawn on Vincent for getting something. She seemed to have known what

she wants, so Vincent was just like a passer-by in her life and she just stopped to admire him.

Wait, it looked like Vincent always clung to her.

But that seemed to be true. Rex shuddered and thought why he would think so. Vincent was handsome, even without his status, his appearance alone could make at least 90% of women in city Y fall in love with him.

When he was analyzing why the little Hulk would fall for Vincent step by step, he saw the door of Emily's room being opened. Emily slightly bent over and looked at him, 'That...'

Rex confused.

Emily said, 'Do you have tampons?'

Rex was in shock.

'Isn't this only for women? Does the little Hulk also have it?!'

## **Billionaire's Reborn Baby - Chapter 129**

### **Chapter 129 - Courageous**

Emily had a menstrual disorder. If she drank cold water, she would have an amenorrhea. Her next period would last for two months or three months. It was very serious. It might be because she often ate ice cream during her period.

Every time she was in her period and didn't feel well, Eliot asked the doctor to give her an analgesic. Thus, she hadn't suffered from the pain.

This time, Emily was squatting on the ground. Her face twisted in pain slightly. She almost forgot how painful it was....

When Rex returned with two large bags of tampons, Emily was wasn't in her room.

Rex walked to the study room and didn't see Emily. Then he went to the bedroom where Vincent moved into, but Emily wasn't there either!

A guard walked out of the shadows, pointed to the bathroom, and hid again.

Rex understood the guard's meaning, knocked on the bathroom door, put down the things and left. He was curious. 'Does Mr. Vincent know how to use it? No! Does the little Hulk know how to use it?'

In the bathroom.

Vincent walked over with two large bags, took out a box, opened it, and put it in his hand to study.

Emily was in the wooden bucket and only revealed her head. Seeing this scene, she smiled.

Vincent raised his eyebrows. 'Why are you so happy? Do you feel much better?'

Fortunately, he took a look. She trembled with cold and almost lay on the floor.

Emily nodded. He fed her painkillers and she was in warm water. She felt much warmer.

She stood up and stretched out her arm to get the towel.

But the towel was taken over by Vincent. He wrapped her up and toweled her dry. Then he helped her put on clothes.

As the towel fell, she was naked in front of him. His gaze was calm and frank.

Emily looked into his eyes and reached out to cover them suddenly.

Vincent smiled, pulled another dry towel to wrap her up and carried her to the bed. The heating had been turned on outside.

Rex brought in a glass of brown sugar water.

Emily had drunk this. Eliot had asked someone to cook it for her.

She took it and took a sip. It was a little hot and she hissed.

Vincent took the brown sugar water and blew on it. His eyelashes were very long. When he lowered his head, his eyelashes cast a shadow on the water. His lips were very thin. Emily still remembered his burning thin lips when they kissed.

She licked her lips.

After it was not that hot, Vincent handed it to her. She drank it all in one gulp.

Then she changed her clothes under the blanket, occasionally stuck her head up and commanded Vincent, 'Pass that to me.'

Vincent gave it to her.

Emily stuck her head up again after changing clothes. She drank the brown sugar water and stayed under the blanket for a long time, so she broke out in a sweat. She lay on the bed and looked at the watch on the table. It was twelve o'clock.

Vincent stood up and went to the bathroom to take a shower. Then he walked out and threw back the blanket, but he did not approach her. After he warmed up, he reached out and covered Emily's belly. He pressed his palm against her belly.

Emily turned around and hugged his neck.

'Mr. Vincent, may I have a kiss?'

She turned Vincent on and his voice suddenly became a bit hoarse.

'Why?'

Emily kissed his lips lightly, leaned against him and closed her eyes contentedly.

Vincent was disappointed.

Was that all?

He turned around to give her a French kiss and sucked her tongue. She breathed so heavily. He held her soft waist tightly and almost broke it.

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The next day, Emily woke up and her waist hurt badly. When she examined herself in the bathroom mirror, she found that her waist was

covered with his fingerprints. The bruises on her fair skin were very eye-catching.

She thought for a while and blamed herself.

When she brushed her teeth, her lips hurt. Her lower lip was split.

She kept silent for a moment. It was still her fault.

This morning, Vincent canceled Emily's Sanda class, but she still took the class. She only trained her upper body and did not move her legs. She finished the class and left.

After Vincent changed his clothes, he came out and met Emily. Only then did Emily realize that Vincent also had split lips.

...

She felt shy and was about to leave.

Vincent chuckled and grabbed her collar, 'Why are you hiding?'

He held the medicine in his hand. 'Open your mouth.'

Emily opened her mouth meekly. Vincent sprayed the medicine on her lower lip wound. 'You will have to fast for a while.'

'OK.'

They walked out together. Emily heard Vincent's husky voice coming from above. 'Don't be naughty. Otherwise, I will finish what I haven't done.'

Emily shook her head firmly. She wouldn't have the guts to do so anymore. She was scared.

When they went downstairs, Emily saw Arabella unexpectedly. Arabella wore autumn clothes and sat on the sofa demurely in the living room. When Arabella saw Emily, Arabella revealed a friendly smile.

'Good morning.'

Emily also greeted her, 'Good morning.'

Recently, Emily was very hungry after she finished practicing. Thus, the cook would make a nutritious breakfast for her again. Normally, Rex would bring it to her, but she would like to go downstairs and have breakfast with Rolando.

It was pitiful for Rolando to eat alone in such a big house.

Although her lower lip was split and she needed to fast temporarily, she still went downstairs because she would like to see Vincent out.

Rolando sat on the sofa and stood up when he saw them. 'Come here. Enjoy yourselves. I'm old and have different hobbies with you. I'll get out of your hair.'

Rolando was very satisfied with Arabella before. Later, when he noticed that Vincent didn't have any feelings of Arabella, Rolando didn't express his thoughts. If Vincent and Arabella didn't get married, they would be very embarrassed.

As expected, Vincent didn't like Arabella. Even so, she was pretty. But she wasn't as beautiful as Emily.

After comparison, Rolando felt that Vincent had a good taste and went to feed the fish happily.

‘Vincent, what’s the matter with your lips?’ Arabella didn’t care about Emily. When Emily and Vincent went downstairs, Arabella only stared at Vincent. She noticed that his lips seemed to be split and approached him to take a closer look.

Vincent said casually, ‘A kitten bit me.’

Emily was embarrassed.

She looked down and covered her mouth in case Arabella saw it.

However, when Arabella turned around and saw Emily covering her mouth, Arabella guessed what had happened.

Arabella became awkward and realized that she was wrong. Her previous guess was totally wrong. If Vincent regarded Emily as someone’s substitute, why did Vincent kiss Emily?

She was deluding herself.

Arabella forced a smile, ‘Vincent, Randy won the race and invited us to climb mountain this Sunday. He asked me to invite you.’

Vincent frowned slightly. ‘Tell him, we won’t go.’

‘Why?’ Arabella was surprised.

If Randy came to invite Vincent, Vincent would go. Arabella hadn’t seen Vincent for many days, so she found an excuse to visit him and Emily.

'It's impossible for Mr. Rolando to accept Emily. He liked me very much, but I find that he also likes Emily very much. When I chat with him, he mentions Emily many times. He says, 'Although Emily is young, she is sensible and considerate. She always brings lunch to Vincent. Oh, youth!'

When Arabella saw Emily and Vincent going downstairs together, Arabella was heartbroken.

'Randy is right. I'm here for an insult. I shouldn't have come.'

She just wanted to see it clearly so that she could completely give up.

However, it had been fifteen years. It was not fifteen minutes or fifteen days. It was fifteen years!

What could she do to forget Vincent?

Emily looked up at Vincent and felt confused. Randy won. They should celebrate for him. Why did Vincent refuse?

After thinking about it, Emily thought that it might be because she didn't feel well.

She whispered to Vincent, 'Go.'

Vincent saw Emily pouting and puffing out her cheeks like a goldfish. She was so cute.

He touched his forehead and said, 'OK. Let's go.'

Arabella was staring at Emily all the time. Vincent, who never changed his mind, changed his mind when Emily said 'go'.

Did Arabella feel Jealous ?

Arabella almost lost her cool. She strained to make small talk and left in a hurry.

Vincent walked to the dining table and stroked Emily's chubby face. 'Today, be good and stay at home.'

He knew all about her schedule.

Emily had to go out today, but she didn't want him to worry, so she nodded.

Vincent noticed that she was hesitating. He looked down and said, 'Be careful.'

Emily reached out and touched his face, 'You too.'

Vincent held her hand and said, 'Courageous.'

Emily said, 'You too.'

This was what Vincent had said when they met for the second time.

Vincent had a big grin on his face.

'I have to go.' He stood up and took a few steps. Then he walked back and kissed her lips.

Emily covered her mouth and clarified, 'You kissed me. Everyone saw it. I didn't touch you.'

Vincent was awkward.

The guards were confused.

Rex was also confused.